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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

MAY, 1915

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TORONTO, CANADA

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Canadian Women's Societies

"The High Cost of Living" and the Housewives' League

THE price of food is doubled by transportation, wholesaling and retailing; and it is therefore necessary to cut out these middlemen's profits as much as possible to reduce the cost of food to the consumer. To do this, by improving and establishing markets in the larger cities has been the first aim of all the Housewives' and Consumers' Leagues. They work in connection with the Farmers' Associations which fully appreciate their purpose.

The Toronto Housewives' League, under the presidency of Mrs. F. S. Mearns, is going to establish more markets, for the St. Lawrence market, the only one so far, is right down town, and inaccessible from the suburbs. Even the groceries, the retail shops, would not lose, but be benefitted, Mrs. Mearns holds, by having markets near by, for the farmers coming in to market could shop there instead of going down town. These markets, desired by all ratepayers, are not yet achieved; petitions to the council are now being signed; in the mean time the St. Lawrence market has been kept in proper shape—even this matter requiring some insistence in the Council.

Besides this, the larger aims of the League have been maintained: efficient housekeeping, food of good quality; clean shops; early shopping; supervision of weights and measures. The League asks: As shopkeepers say delivering goods adds 15% to their cost, are buyers carrying their parcels, not entitled to a reduction? Another capital suggestion is: that shoppers should order once or twice a week, for this is a benefit to the shop-keepers as well as to the grocer whose cost of delivering is thereby lessened.

The report on the work of the Montreal Housewives' League, contributed by Mrs. R. W. Ashcroft, shows what women organized in a society can achieve. No one can withstand their influence. Mrs. Ashcroft says:

"The aims and objects of the Housewives' League in Montreal, since its organization 10 months ago, have been along the lines of educating women in practical ways as to the best methods to use in order to ensure pure food, honest weight, sanitary shops and markets, meats endorsed by the Government stamp, and better milk. There are about 500 members interested in these matters, and the response they meet with from dealers, shows how true it is that the latter realize that they must look to women as purchasers of the household supplies, and that to satisfy them means to secure their custom.

"The gentle yet persistent movement toward having grocers cover all perishable goods, such as candy, figs, dates, cakes and cheese, is having its reward; the dealers welcome rather than discourage, the visits of these self-appointed inspectors, and the grocer who wins the right to display the Housewives' League card of recommendation, always puts it in a prominent place. The question of improving the milk supply, and instructing mothers how to care for milk, thus lessening the high rate of infant mortality, is an important branch of the work.

"So far as attempting to control the high cost of living in Montreal, the main effort of the Housewives' League is the weekly publication in the press of market reports covering meats, fish, poultry, game, butter and eggs. These weekly bulletins are now consulted by hundreds of women each Thursday morning and evening, and dealers are beginning to reach for the "blind" advertising which the Housewives' League gives to the right article at the right place."

Progressive Edmonton

When The Consumers' League was organized at a meeting held May the 8th, 1914—writes the President, Mrs. A. N. Mouat—

"So many avenues of work opened up before us that we felt we could not undertake all at the outset, we decided that our first efforts should be directed to the improving of the Market. With this end in view committees visited the market at all hours and every day, studying conditions, taking notes and also comparing quality and prices as they obtained at the market and in the stores. This data was brought to our meetings and discussed,.

"We learned that we as householders are responsible for most of the high cost of living. The cost of delivering goods in Edmonton is very high and if we ordered groceries only once a week this cost would be minimized. Then the grocer now handles all his goods in cartons, bags and packages which of course materially adds to the cost. I will not believe that we as householders are responsible for this. Probably the wholesaler and retailer find their stocks more easily handled when so put up and no doubt it is more convenient for the consumer as well but I feel sure the change did not originate with the householder. We were also told that currants and raisins are put up in 10, 12, and 16 oz. packages so that the grocer instead of charging 15c straight as he might have to do for larger ones might sell the smaller one two for a quarter, and mark you, while there is a difference in weight there is little if any difference in the size of the package. Besides this, different grades of these and other articles are put up in packages so much alike as to be most misleading. It is our hope that we shall soon some day be able to undertake educative meetings along these lines so that we shall all know what we are buying and what the cost should be.

"In June the Edmonton City Dairy invited the executive to be their guests at their plant. We spent two hours there and we found the most modern and sanitary methods, for the handling of milk, cream, butter, cheese and ice cream were used. After partaking of their toothsome ice-cream we were shown their method of candling and grading eggs. We learned that each days' evaporation shows on an egg and that eggs fresh from the nests were much heavier than those even a few days old. We would therefore like to see eggs sold by the pound in Edmonton, as we could in this way better judge their freshness.

"I think to the Central Market should be given the credit of the enormous reduction in the price of meat. On special days T bone and sirloin steaks and roasts are sold for 16c a pound; brisket at 8c and all other cuts equally low. I visited the South Side Market last Saturday, and found very choice cuts exceedingly low. We are hoping for great reductions in prices in the new Market. I may add that these prices are much below the prices published in Winnipeg.

"We welcome the opening of as many markets as possible as competition is the life of trade, and in this way we hope to get cheaper produce. We patronize all but ally ourselves with none. Then we are free to criticize and offer suggestions to all. We are making a strong appeal for members as we feel that in numbers there is strength; if we had 1,000 members almost anything we asked for we could have.

"We are lending our support to the establishment of a public abbatoir where all animals sold in the city must be killed or brought in immediately after killing, to be inspected by a Government Inspector as we feel that only in this way can a proper inspection be made and until this is done we do not feel that we can recommend all the meat sold on the market.

"Among the many questions to be taken up and studied by the League are—'Why in the midst of a dairy district our dairy products should cost as much as they do in London, England.'"

Of all the Womens' Societies which are accomplishing so much for the country, it is doubtful whether any will achieve more than these new Housewives' Leagues.

Club Woman

The Object of this Department

On this page every month will be noted the most noteworthy of the activities of Canadian women organized in various societies and clubs. While the Editor is in correspondence with the secretaries of the most active societies, any information or suggestion will be gladly received as the Editor wishes the Department to be of real service to the women and Women's Societies of Canada.

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Preferred by dainty women everywhere because of their exquisite and lasting fragrance. Remember, too, that when you buy CORSON'S PERFUMES you are buying genuine **"Made in Canada"** Perfumes-prepared by skilled chemists in the laboratories of the Sovereign Perfumes, Limited—the only house in the Dominion exclusively devoted to the manufacture of Perfumes and Toilet Requisites.

You not only secure the most delightful of all perfumes, but you loyally support the "Made in Canada" movement whenever you ask for,

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Will You Send Me Your Three Best Recipes In Exchange for this Lovely Casserole?

I HAVE been appointed the Editor of the New "Recipe Page" in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Great Home Magazine. I received this appointment when EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD decided to tell its thousands of Canadian women readers of the best well tried recipes in use in Canadian homes. Will you tell me how you make the three dishes that your family like best, and thereby gain the opportunity of receiving this exquisite Royal Alexandra Casserole and a fine big prize as well?

For my Recipe Department which opens in an early issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, it is the desire of the publishers that I leave the old beaten track and instead of giving only the fancy recipes and cooking school advice, usually found in magazines, devote my page to telling the readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD how to make the dishes that are finding greatest favor in Canadian families, from day to day.

I must make my page a more interesting feature for Canadian housekeepers than can be found in any other magazine and how better could I accomplish this purpose than by asking Canadian housewives to send me their favorite well-tried recipes! I could not possibly publish a recipe page so good and so complete as one produced from the recipes of good cooks all over the Dominion, because then every recipe given will be one that has been tried and proven by the practical results of each individual contributor.

Just Write Out Your Three Favorite Recipes and Send Them to Me To-Day.

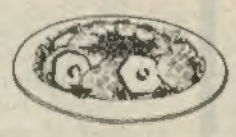
I want you to tell me how you make any three things that have found favor with your family and friends. You have recipes that I want to publish and tell other women about. Send them to me today

A Word About This Lovely Royal Alexandra Casserole.

Once you have cooked with a casserole you will wonder how you ever managed to keep house without one. Casserole cooking is the greatest advancement the art of cooking has made in the last fifty years.

This casserole is fire proof and practically unbreakable and after dishes are prepared and cooked in it, you simply place the casserole in its handsome frame and put it on the table. Both time and labor are saved by the food being brought right from the oven to the table and served in the dish in which it is cooked.

Almost everything you would want to cook in the oven can be done to perfection in a casserole; meat, meat pies, stews, poultry, all



cereals, puddings, vegetables, and all kinds of desserts etc., etc. It is a wonderful means of reducing living expense because with it you can turn left overs, odd and ends of meat, etc., that you might ordinarily throw away, into the most tempting and delightful dishes served "en casserole."

With your casserole I will send you a book of lovely new Casserole Recipes that will show you how to make new delights of a lot of your old favorites and help you to cut living expense in half.

We chose this lovely casserole as the most suitable reward possible to give to the good Canadian housewives whose recipes are approved for publication in my Recipe Page. It is a genuine "Royal Alexandra" in the beautiful French Carmelite Brown color and has spotless porcelain lining. Its beautiful mount or frame is in a charming dainty, pierced filigree pattern. You would pay at least $3.00 to $5.00 for such a casserole in your jewelry store and it will delight you beyond measure. I will write to you just as soon as your three favorites are received and if they are accepted for publication and qualified according to the simple conditions of the contest you will at once receive this exquisite casserole and in addition

This is **First Prize**

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CONTEST PRIZES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

1st PRIZE.—McCLARY PANDORA STEEL RANGE (either coal or combination gas and coal, at the option of the winner).	
2nd PRIZE	$50.00 in Cash
3rd PRIZE	$25.00 in Cash
4th PRIZE	$15.00 in Cash
5th PRIZE	$10.00 in Cash
6th PRIZE	$ 5.00 in Cash

AND 50 CASH PRIZES OF $2.00 EACH

For the awarding of these prizes the sets of recipes will be judged from the standpoint of variety and economy of materials, nutritive properties, ease of preparation, tastiness, etc. Remember that the recipes most likely to win one of these grand prizes are some of your own favorites that you have tried, know to be good and that your family and friends all like. The lovely casserole that you will receive at once when you qualify your recipes for publication in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is entirely in addition to any of the above big prizes, that your recipes may win in this contest. Two assistants from the Faculty of a leading Domestic Science Institute will assist me in jugding the recipes received for the awarding of these prizes. These grand prizes will be awarded on September 26th among the senders of the sets of recipes forwarded to me at once so let me have yours right now.

The winner of this excellent First Prize may choose the McClary Range best suited to her requirements. I will award a McClary Pandora, a combination gas and coal range, a steel range, or a gas range of equal value.

This Recipe Contest is Absolutely Free To All

Whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, will not make the slightest difference. The recipes received will be judged entirely on their merits. I want the very best recipes of Canadian housewives everywhere. Be sure to send me yours.

You can help me with your recipes to make this Recipe Page the most delightful and helpful feature to be found in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Please let me hear from you at once and I will reply promptly telling you if your recipes are accepted for publication and how to qualify them for receiving the lovely casserole and the opportunity for a grand prize as well. Address me as follows:

MARJORY DALE, Editor The Recipe Page - Box 7 - EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, TORONTO, ONT.

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operates quietly without fatigue, sweeps thoroughly, confines the dust and readily picks up the miscellaneous scraps and litter which defy many cleaning devices. The Bissell is the one handy, inexpensive cleaning device for every day use. Other methods of cleaning are more calculated for periodical service and do not in any way make the sweeper less needful. Two sweepers are doubly convenient—have one for upstairs and one for down. The Bissell is sold by the best stores everywhere at $3.00 to $4.75. Let us mail you the booklet "Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping".

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"I have tried the Sample of Neave's Food for Baby and he certainly is more satisfied. He is 3 months old and weighs 14 lbs. 10 oz."

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NEAVE'S FOOD is stocked by all the Wholesale Druggists in Canada, and is sold in 1-lb. Tins by all the best Retail Druggists.

FREE TO MOTHERS. A Sample tin of Neave's Food, and a valuable book "Hints about Baby, by a Trained Nurse" will be sent *free* on writing to the Agent for Canada.

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Vol. III. No. 5 MAY, 1915 MURRAY SIMONSKI, Superintending Editor

EDITORIAL

Enlightened Single Blessedness

THE uneducated woman has little choice. She must marry or be without occupation that is congenial and supporting. Single, she is hopelessly at a disadvantage.

But the woman with education is independant. Brain is sexless, and in the intellectual arena all have equal standing and opportunity. Many of the best living scientists, historians, litterateurs, physicians, teachers and leaders in social and moral reform are women, and their sex is not counted against them.

Unlike her less fortunate sister who is without education, she is not forced to marry to secure support and maintain standing. She is free to marry or not, just as she chooses. If she remains single, it is not that she has no suitors, but from choice.

She has opportunities to meet and measure many men, and though higher education may eradicate much of the sexual sentiment from her character, she still retains enough of the woman instinct to enable her to attract man's attentions if she desires them. Being in a position to choose, her opportunities for suitable marriage are infinitely greater than those of the uneducated women, who has no alternative but to be chosen.

And yet her field of choice is greatly narrowed. The same spirit that has led her to higher education has given her the leaven of pride and ambition, and she could never be content to accept as husband a man who is merely rich or merely "good" or both. The man for her must be a man indeed.

One of the strongest woman instincts is that which requires her to look up to the man she loves, not morally, perhaps, but certainly physically and intellectually.

The natural yearning is not weakened by education, but strengthened by it. So the educated woman's field of choice is limited to the uppermost grades of men, and, unfortunately for her, the men of these grades are mostly married before she is out of college.

Ordinarily the unmarried woman is classified in the same category with the mother-in-law, the stove pipe, and such other recalcitrant, unmanageable things as may be considered legitimate stock-in-trade for amateur joke-smiths and vinegar-and-water cynics. We are accustomed from early childhood to regard her as not altogether human, but somewhat different and apart from the woman who is married. We, somehow or other, acquire the notion that she would have married if she could, and that, having failed, she is disappointed, desolated and soured.

On the other hand, in our estimate of the unmarried man we are strikingly kind. He is supposed to be by choice free from care and ever happy and jolly.

The old maid suffers a shameful injustice.

It is not fair to assume that she could not marry if she would, at the same time assuming that the bachelor would not though he could.

Whatever may have been the true character of old maids in the past, which literature and tradition have obscured in a mist of prejudice, it is certain that the old maids of this day, as a rule, are not inferior but superior women. In freshness of beauty and vivacity, it must be conceded, they surpass, as a rule, married women of equal age. In intellectual attainment and refinement, as well as in executive ability and physical activity, they easily lead their sisters, who are better provided for perhaps, but handicapped by babies and endless home and social duties.

The typical unmarried woman, to-day, is a woman with a mission of her own. She is generally educated above the average level, and her views, her sympathies and her purposes are broader than the average woman's scope. While her less thoughtful sisters are enjoying the delights of being courted by men, she is being courted by dreams of a higher destiny than that of second partner in some small domestic enterprise.

In the family where out of a number of girls one remains unmarried, that one is, in nine cases out of ten, the most capable one of all. She is the one of whom all the neighbors say that, had she encouraged them, she might have had more suitors than all the rest, and who, had she been inclined, would have made the best wife.

Perhaps her rich qualities of love and devotion make it her happy duty to stay with the old folks and ease their declining days.

Perhaps her high mind and true heart have created an ideal mate to which none of the men of her acquaintance measures.

It is unjust and foolish to deem her cold because she cannot love the men who chance to offer themselves. In all probability she has more fire in her heart, as well as more sense in her head, than has the average girl who, out of two or three offers, hastily accepts one as the best opportunity possible in a world full of all kinds of men.

The wonder is not that unmarried girls are generally sensible girls.

While we continue to have fastened upon us, in this advanced age of intellectual equality of the sexes, that antiquated custom which compels the woman to wait for the man to propose, and to take only such as offers himself, the only wonder is that sensible girls marry at all.

The Editor's Question Number One

SHOULD CANADA HAVE EASIER DIVORCE LAWS?

Write out your answer to this question in as few words as you can possibly keep it, and on one side of the paper only. Address it to Editor's Question No. 1 Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

Each month a single question will be asked the readers of Everywoman's World, and the best of the answers will be published. In this way you will get to know what the thoughts of the women of Canada are on vital topics of the day.

Conversation.

CONVERSATION is like dress: a frock expresses the beauty and grace of the body; conversation, the brightness and grace of the mind. To be able to talk well with people, you must be keenly alive to the whole social "milieu" in which you find yourselves, for conversation is essentially social.

Conversation does not consist just in talking; the finer side is listening, for what you hear is the point of departure for your next remark, and if you cannot take the whole meaning up more quickly even than the speaker thought it, the flashing loom of speech and thought will tangle, and lose its fascination.

To get the completest possible pleasure out of a conversation, it is necessary either to have something you want some one else to realize, to want to get the other person's point of view, or to reach a sympathetic conclusion by compromise. In any case, the key-note of conversation is sympathy. You are trying to make a picture of another person's mind, her ideas, motives, feelings; you are trying to give a picture of yourself. This is the reason that it is an art.

In conversation what one omits to say is of more importance than what one says. Conversation, too, must be self-less. It is not a performance. A remark made to illustrate one's own brilliance is a remark in bad taste.

The chief end of conversation is clearer thinking. The process, to be sure, is somewhat circular; but in practice, the curve is a spiral. To speak one must think; to reply one must think again; and so there is really no better way of analyzing a situation and thinking out an issue than by talking it over with some other person. For conversation provides a conclusion, or at least, a satisfactory pause for a continuation.

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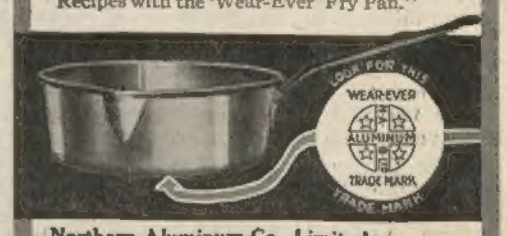

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Dress Goods From Canada

Showing How Canadians Are Keeping Up With The Rest of The World

By RUTH WARNER

SHE asked "Where are they made?" Quite cheerfully, with not a little triumph I replied," In Montreal."

Why does it matter? What business is it of ours?

We are the buyers, the "ultimate consumer," the women of Canada.

Yes, they're "made in Canada." But this is not an advertisement.

I was deluged with textiles. They took a living form in the shape of millions of samples of print for dresses, for shirts, and aprons, nainsooks, cotton, sheeting, towelling, table-cloth, window hangings, voile, ticking, flannellette, ginghams, galateas, ducks, drills, worsteds, and cloths. I heard all their advantages from eager young men, salesmen of the mills. Then I took some of them home and washed them and they washed, and not only washed, but wore. Neither sunlight nor soap faded them.

Most of the cottons manufactured in this country have heretofore been sent out to the wholesaler without a mill stamp or a Canadian stamp—that's a fact; it's changing now. The "Made in Canada" label went on the output of one mill at the outbreak of the war and stayed on in spite of a wobbly protest from a wholesaler that buyers had not been used to buying that particular weave as Canadian made. I saw some beautiful cottons, however, with "Made in Canada" stamped on the end of the roll, so that if you insist you'll get Canadian goods quite unmistakeably stamped

"Now here is an imported article," and he inclined the customer to believe some greater advantage that he believed to be hers from buying the imported article.

The wholesalers, however, are quite anxious to sell you Canadian goods if you're ready to buy. In the end, it will be better for them as it will be better for the country. But if country buyers wander in and refuse even to look at Canadian prints, as they do, the wholesaler can do nothing but sell the imported article.

One maker says:—"The sole reason why our prints have been sold as English is not because of any prejudice on the part of the jobber who handles our goods, but because the average retailer throughout Canada, who has the ultimate disposition of the goods, feels that by having imported prints it is something to talk about and a means of persuading his customer she is getting the best value for her money in buying an imported print.

"The retailer has found this is by far an easier way than having to educate the consumer to the fact that Canadian made prints are equal to the imported prints, or in other words is following the line of least resistance.

"As an instance of what I mean, would say that some time ago we sent out to the retail dry goods stores in Canada a little booklet containing samples of our print. In this booklet we called attention to the quality and others matters of interest, and asked them to solicit this print from the wholesaler as "Canadian" print.

"Among the many replies we got back was one from a certain retailer in Ontario who told us very briefly that he could never buy Canadian prints as his customers found they did not wash well.

"We had our man in Toronto go and see him, and he reported to the effect that this man was *using Canadian prints*, bought from a certain wholesale house, *which he was firmly of the opinion were English prints*, and as a matter of fact, he stated that some two years previous he had bought some prints from another wholesale house, of which he still had some left, which turned out to be some poor grade of foreign goods, and he had assumed from what the traveller told him that these poor goods were of Canadian make and the ones that were giving satisfaction were of English make.

"He was much surprised when our representative conclusively proved to him by our own sample and patterns that the goods he preferred were Canadian-made, and this man made the statement that he would always in the future insist upon getting and would get Canadian-made goods when the price and quality were equal.

"*How many people know that probably ninety pieces out of a hundred of Canadian prints are sold by the retailer as English goods?*

"This is done because of unnatural prejudice, but the fact remains that of one million of pieces of print goods we sell in the year we possibly do not have 50 pieces a year returned because of bad coloring."

A Canadian linen manufacturer says of his goods: "With regard to the quality of the Canadian article being inferior, if you will ask an expert what he would think of double damask table-cloths and napkins containing 100 to 120 ends to the inch, and 140 to 150 shots per inch, of 70s and 90s line linen yarns, you may get some idea of the fineness of the linens this company makes.

"The fact that our linens are sold by the large department stores in the City of Edmonton and by the T. Eaton Co., and Robert Simpson Co., in Toronto, together with high grade stores from one end of the country to the other, might convince any person that the quality is right."

Linens can be made just as well in Canada as anywhere. Hand looming of linen in Ireland is a thing of the past. I have it on the best of authority that the supposedly hand made linens sold by the peasants on the roadsides and at some of the ports where hand made linens are sold to the unsuspecting tourists are not hand made at all, and in fact, in most cases, are Austrian products or German factory-made, bought at a low price and sold by the peasants as their own handiwork.

Another opinion of Canadian goods, quite independent, is that of a man who buys more cotton goods than anyone in Canada.

"Such and such Canadian print," he said, "that you buy at 10c. a yard cannot be beaten; the 12½c. prints are better than any other country makes at that price; this 15c. duck cannot be equalled and the 15c. galatea is as good."

He quoted Canadian cashmerette at 12½c., as being the best value made and said the same of cashmere, ducks and drills at 15c.

Certain piques, repps, and lawns, are "better value than Europe." They are; I saw them. Not that my opinion counts when an independent expert is speaking; but as an ordinary woman, who goes shopping, I have a very vivid recollection of these particular goods. They are beautiful.

So on, with ginghams and the rest.

These are all low priced goods. Can our Canadian mills not make finer weaves? Certainly, but they are so busy supplying the demand for the staple lines that they are only slowly expanding into the other.

What we don't know about our own Canadian manufactures is amazing. Some one told me no voile was made in Canada. I came across a factory, a lace-making and

(*Concluded on page 36*)

French Women Are Not Frivolous

As We Have Been In The Habit Of Thinking In The Past

By GABY GIRARD

HOW does it happen that we French women are called frivolous, and are supposed to be, of all women, the most immersed in the dictates of fashion? Well, let me tell you, a Frenchwoman of only moderate means, myself.

I am a good example, because I am what you call typically French. So much is this true that certain of your writers have been kind enough to put me in stories, in which they copy that very bad English of mine, and in which they speak of that expensive perfume I use, and of my many *chic* gowns, and oh, la la, of my hats without count.

Take those hats, for instance, I make them all. With a ten cent frame from your very admirable five and ten cent store and a yard of old brocade which mamma had before me, and a dozen strong big pins, I will guarantee to produce a hat which will make everybody on the fashionable avenue stare at it, and wager that I have paid at least thirty dollars for it. After I wear it a few times I take it all to pieces, push the frame into a different style, use a piece of black velvet, and there I have quite another hat.

I buy straw hats in the fall and felt hats in the spring, and so I always have a good stock of hats on hand, which I can, with these small fingers of mine, twist into any shape that I want.

Oh, but my Canadian friends always say, I have not those nimble fingers, madame!

And why have you not? Every Frenchwoman has and they are not gifts of Le Bon Dieu, either, but they exist because they must, because they are needed. France is not a rich country, but it is a thrifty country, where wastefulness and inefficiency are looked upon as crimes. Oh yes, I know that this disagrees with the popular conception of France—that France which has given to you bad novels, extravagant modes, and naughty plays, but I am talking about the real France. The France which gives you all these evil things is the France of which we French people are ashamed, and which has no more real, national existance, than the gunman of your slums has.

Every French girl, then, must learn to sew, because she must make nearly all of her clothes, and because she has good taste, and because the nation puts a great deal of stress upon beauty, she must learn to follow the styles, and to achieve a great deal with almost nothing. She must learn to make ribbon bows, to mend lace, to clean her own delicate silk waists, to take care of her shoes, and to adapt her wardrobe to the changing modes of each season without recklessly cutting up and destroying good material. This is true of the rich girl as well as of the poor girl, with the exception, of course, that the rich girl will have more clothes, and richer ones, in proportion.

You are always being struck with the pretty appearance of the Frenchwoman, but that appearance is not because she spends money; no, it is because she spends time and thought, and *not* money.

A lady who sees me often said to me, the other day: "Madame, you have so many beautiful black dresses, all so different in style."

That makes me laugh. "Why, my dear friend," I say, "that is always the same dress."

She will not believe me, until I show her. The dress itself, is a plain black one, but of very, very good material, and well cut. It has a round Dutch neck and elbow sleeves, and I can wear it anywhere, and be appropriately dressed, by adding to it, with those same nimble fingers of mine, any one of a dozen different sets of accessories.

First, I can wear it as it is, with just a gold cord around the neck, or with collar and cuffs of sheer, plain linen. That will do for morning. Then I have some very beautiful gold bandings, arranged like a bolero. I can put them on the dress, add a gold buckle to the drapings of the skirt, and—voila!—there I am, good enough for an afternoon concert or for a tea. If I want to be just a little bit dressed up in the afternoon, then I pin a long, beautiful frill of lace to the neck, which hangs down and is tucked into the belt. Then, if I go to a ball I wear with my same black dress a handsome silk sash, worn gypsy fashion around my waist, and a chiffon waist which is adjusted to the waist of my black dress, and which is embroidered in the same colors as the sash.

A great many people have seen that poor little dress, with all its many ornaments, and they all, except some occasionally very clever women, give me credit for all kinds of extravagance.

Frivolous? Why, my dear Canadian sisters, the Frenchwoman is one of the most serious minded people in the world. What deceives you is that beautiful smile, which she wears for everyone: the policeman on the corner, the person who returns her a dropped handketchief, or assists her into a car, they all receive it. That smile is inborn in her from the time that she is big enough to understand the value of it. She uses the smile as her small change, but even though she understands how to use it for her own ends, do not think that it is selfish. First of all a French girl learns to smile for her father and her mother, and even though she may learn to smile at the world at large, later on, the real tenderness and fineness of her smile remain. And very often she will give it to you while in her heart she may have some very bitter sorrow.

The French girl has been taught from her earliest day that it is due to her sex to be bright and cheerful, and not for anything would she want anyone to doubt that she is possessed of charm. And charm, when you analyze it—what is it but a bright smile, a sweet voice, and a merry sympathetic glance of the eye. In that way a Frenchwoman makes up her charm, and in that way, too, she is often accused of frivolity, when it is really goodness of heart.

What I like in the Canadian woman is her courage, her independence, and her good business sense, but I seriously believe that she could learn something from the women of my nation about her own proper business, which is that of being a wife and mother.

Every Frenchwoman, no matter how high her social position or what else she does, is proud of being able to cook. Often, with a houseful of servants, and with more money than she knows what to do with, the Frenchwoman will go into her own kitchen, and make some special dish for her family, and she is proud of being seen driving or motoring to market; often, she will go far out into the country, every day or so, just so as to get fresh eggs or fruit.

As a mother I think I can say, without laying myself open to the charge of egotism, that the Frenchwoman is the best in the world. In the Bois de Bologne, in the afternoon, you will see hundreds of mothers out with the nurse and the children, playing with them, and making a point of seeing that the nurse is really a proper person to be with them. You will not see that in America, nor will you see Canadian mothers going about constantly in the company of their children, and yet this is the usual thing in France.

Akin to Love

A February Tale for May Reading

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Author of "Anne of Green Gables," etc.

DAVID HARTLEY had dropped in to pay a neighborly call on Josephine Elliott. It was well along in the afternoon and outside long blue shadows from the tall firs behind the house were falling over the snow. It was a frosty day and all the windows were covered with silver palms. But the big, bright kitchen was warm and cosy, and somehow seemed to David more tempting than ever before—and that is saying a good deal. He had an uneasy feeling that he had stayed long enough and ought to go. Josephine was knitting at a long grey sock with doubly aggressive energy, and that was a sign that she was talked out. As long as Josephine had plenty to say, her plump, white fingers, where her mother's wedding ring was almost lost in dimples, moved slowly among her needles. When conversation flagged she fell to work as furiously as if a husband and half a dozen sons were waiting barefooted for its completion. David often wondered in his secret soul what Josephine did with all the interminable grey socks she knitted. Sometimes he concluded that she put them in the home missionary barrels; again, that she sold them to her hired man. At any rate, they were warm and comfortable looking, and David sighed as he thought of the deplorable state his own socks were generally in.

When David sighed Josephine took alarm. She was afraid David was going to have one of his old attacks of foolishness. She must head him off in some way, so she rolled up the grey sock, stabbed the big, pudgy ball with her needles, and said she guessed she'd get supper ready.

David got up.

"Now, you're not going before supper," said Josephine, hospitably. "I'll have it ready in no time."

"I ought to go home, I s'pose," said David, with the air and tone of a man dallying with a great temptation. "Zillah'll be waiting tea for me—and there's the stock to 'tend to."

"I guess Zillah won't wait long," said Josephine. She did not intend it at all, but there was a scornful ring in her voice. "You must stay. I've a fancy for some company to tea."

David sat down again. He looked so pleased that Josephine went down on her knees behind the stove, ostensibly to get a stick of firewood, but really to hide her smiles.

"I suppose he's tickled to death to think of getting a good square meal, after the starvation rations Zillah puts him on," she thought.

But Josephine misjudged David just as much as he misjudged her. She had really asked him to stay to tea out of pity, but David thought it was because she was lonesome, and he hailed that as an encouraging sign. And he was not thinking of getting a good meal either, although his dinner had been such a one as only Zillah Hartley could produce. As he leaned back in his cushioned chair and watched Josephine bustling about the kitchen, he was glorying in the fact that he could spend another hour with her, and sit opposite to her at the table, while she poured his tea for him just as if—just as if—

Here Josephine looked straight at him with such intent and stern brown eyes that David felt she must have read his thoughts, and colored guiltily. But Josephine did not even notice that David was blushing. She had only paused to wonder whether she would bring out the blue plum or the green gage preserve, and, having decided on the gage, she took her piercing gaze from David without having seen him at all. But he allowed his thoughts no more vagaries.

Josephine set the small square table for two with her mother's wedding set of pale blue china, thin as an eggshell. She used it because it was the anniversary of her mother's wedding day, but David thought it was out of compliment to him. And as he knew quite well that Josephine prized that blue china beyond all her other earthly possessions, he stroked his smooth shaven, dimpled chin with an air of a man who is offered a very subtly sweet homage.

Josephine whisked in and out of the pantry and up and down cellar, and with every whisk a new dainty was added to the table. Josephine, as everybody in Meadowby admitted, was past-mistress in the noble art of cooking. She felt an artist's pride in her table when she set the teapot on its stand and invited David to sit in. She sat at the head of it herself, with her smooth, glossy crimps of black hair, and cheeks as rosy clear as they had been twenty years ago, when she had been a slender slip of girlhood, and bashful young Dave Hartley had looked at her over his hymn book at prayer meeting and tramped all the way home a few feet behind her because he was too shy to go boldly up and ask if he might see her home.

All taken together, what wonder if David lost his head over the tea table, and determined to ask Josephine that same old question once more? It was eighteen years since he had asked her to marry him for the first time, and two years since the last. He would try his luck again. Josephine was certainly more gracious than he had ever remembered her as being before. When the meal was over Josephine cleared the table and washed the dishes. When she had taken a dry towel and sat down by the window to polish the blue china, David understood that this was his golden opportunity. He moved over and sat down beside her on the sofa by the window.

Outside the sun was setting magnificently, and David grasped at the sunset as an introductory chapter.

"Isn't that fine, Josephine," he said, admiringly. "It makes me think of that piece of poetry that used to be in the 'old Fifth Reader when we went to school. D'ye mind how the teacher used to drill us up in it on Friday afternoon? It began—

'Slow sinks, more lovely ere
his race be run
Along Morea's hills the setting sun.'"

Then David declaimed the whole passage in a sing-song tone, accompanied by a few crude gestures, remembered from long-ago school boy elocution. Josephine knew what was coming. Every time David had proposed to her he had begun by reciting poetry. She twirled her towel along the last plate resignedly; if it had to come the sooner it was over the better. Josephine knew by experience that there was no heading David off, despite his shyness, when he had once got along as far as the poetry.

"But it's going to be for the last time," she thought, determinedly. "I am going to settle this question so decidedly to-night that there'll never be a repetition."

When David had finished his quotation, he laid his hand on Josephine's plump arm.

"Josephine," he said, huskily. "I suppose you couldn't—could you, now?—make up your mind to have me? I wish you would, Josephine,—I wish you would. Don't you think you could, Josephine?"

Josephine folded up her towel, crossed her hands on it and looked her wooer squarely in the eye.

"David Hartley," she said, deliberately. "What makes you go on asking me to marry you every once in a while when I've told you times out of mind that I can't and won't?"

"Because I can't help hoping you'll change your mind through time," said David meekly.

"Well, you just listen to me. I will *not* marry you. That is in the first place, and in the second, this is to be final. It has to be. You are never to ask me this again under any circumstances. If you do, I will not answer you—I will not let on I hear you at all; but—" and Josephine spoke very slowly and impressively—"I will never speak to you again—never! We are good friends now, and I like you real well, and like to have you drop in for a neighborly chat as often as you like, but there'll be an end, short and sudden, to that, if you don't mind what I say."

"Oh, Josephine! ain't that rather hard," protested David feebly. It seemed terrible to be cut off from all hope with such finality as this.

"I mean every word of it," returned Josephine calmly. "You'd better go home now David. I always feel as if I'd like to be alone for a spell after a disagreeable experience."

David obeyed sadly and put on his cap and overcoat. Josephine kindly warned him not to slip and break his legs in the porch because the floor was as icy as anything; and she even lighted a candle and held it up at the kitchen door to guide him safely out. David, as he trudged sorrowfully homeward across the fields, carried with him the mental picture of a plump, sonsy woman in her trim dress of plum colored homespun and ruffled blue-check apron, haloed in by an aureole of candle light. It was not a very romantic vision, perhaps, but to David it was more beautiful than anything else in the world.

When David had gone, Josephine shut the door with a little shiver. She blew out the candle for it was not yet dark enough to justify artificial light to her thrifty mind. She thought the big empty house in which she was the only living thing, very lonely. It was so very still except for the slow tick of the "grandfather's clock" and the soft puff and crackle of the wood in the stove. Josephine sat down by the window, stretched her tired arms and yawned.

"I wish some of the Sentners would run down," she said aloud. "If David hadn't been so ridiculous I'd have got him to stay the evening—he can be good company when he likes—he's real well read and intelligent, and he must have dismal times at home with nobody but Zillah."

She looked out across the yard at the little house at the other side of it where her French Canadian hired man lived, and watched the purple spiral of smoke from the chimney curling up against the sunset sky Would she run over and see Mrs. Poirier and her little black-eyed baby? No, they never knew what to say to each other.

"If 'twasn't so cold I'd go up and see Ida," she said. "As it is, I'd better fall back on my knitting for I saw Jimmy sticking through his socks the other day. How set back poor David did look to be sure, but I think I've settled that marrying notion of his once for all and I'm glad—glad of it."

She said the same thing the next day to Mrs. Tom Sentner who had come down to help her pick her geese. They were working in the kitchen with a big tub full of downy feathers between them, and on the table a row of dead birds which Leon had killed and brought in. Josephine was enveloped in a shapeless print wrapper and had an apron tied tightly round her head to keep the down out of her hair.

When David had gone, Josephine sat down by the window, stretched her tired arms, and yawned.

"What do you think, Ida," she said, with a hearty laugh at the recollection. "David Hartley was here to tea last night and he asked me to marry him again. There's a persistent man for you. I can't brag of ever having had many beaus, but I've certainly had my share of proposals."

Mrs. Tom did not laugh. Her thin, little face with its faded prettiness looked as if she never laughed.

"Why don't you marry him?" she asked fretfully.

"Why should I?" retorted Josephine. "Tell me that, Ida Sentner."

"Because its high time you were married," said Mrs. Tom decidedly. "I don't believe in women living single, and I don't see what better you can do than take David Hartley."

Josephine looked at her sister with the interested expression of a person who is trying to understand some mental attitude of another which is a standing puzzle to them. Ida's evident wish to see her married always amused her. Ida had married very young and for fifteen years her life had been one of drudgery and ill health. Tom Sentner was a lazy, shiftless, fellow. He neglected his family and was drunk half the time. Meadowby people said that he beat his wife, but Josephine did not believe that because she did not think that Ida could keep from telling her if it were so; Ida Sentner was not given to bearing her troubles in silence.

Had it not been for Josephine's assistance, Tom Sentners' family would have stood an excellent chance of starvation. Josephine practically kept them, and her generosity never failed or stinted. She fed and clothed her nephews and nieces, and all the grey socks, whose destination puzzled David so much, went to the Sentners.

As for Josephine herself, she had a good farm, a comfortable house and a plump bank account, and was an independant, unworried woman. And yet, in the face of all this, Mrs. Tom Sentner could bewail the fact that Josephine had no husband to look out for her. Josephine shrugged her plump shoulders and gave up the conundrum, merely saying ironically, in answer to her sister's last remark,

"And go to live with Zillah Hartley?"

"You know very well you wouldn't have to do that. Ever since John Hartley's wife died he's been wanting

(*Continued on page 30*)

Delia's Bachelors

Turning Time Backwards for the Rest of One's Life

By MADGE MACBETH
Illustration by R. A. STEWART

To equalize matters the boys presented her with half a cartload of lilies.

THE sun leaped up until it had cleared the big oak and was free to peep in at Delia's half-closed shutters, then it seemed to pause and proceed upon its course with more deliberation. Inside the room Sol turned his attention to the wall where a fine old portrait had once hung. A dizzying succession of pictures had followed, resulting to-day, in a valueless French thing combining masses of ribbons, frills and legs, entitled "La Coquette." He passed unhurriedly over the dark rim about the frame (an evidence that the last art treasure to occupy that space, had possessed superior quantity, at least) and on to the flimsy dressing table which had superseded a substantial walnut bureau. Next, he lighted up the swinging clusters of programs and cards, the college flags and banners, then went round to a wire rack which fairly oozed photographs of callow youths. Some of these wore cap and gown, some football or gymnasium togs, and a few, sagging under the weight of their own importance, wore the conventional garb of the embryonic man.

Presently, a shaft of merciless brilliance fell athwart Delia as she lay asleep and it showed her, like her surroundings, to be marred by a feverish effort toward rejuvenation, toward a modernizing of that which might have been beautiful and dignified with age, but which was cheap and tawdry glossed by the superficial finger of ultra up to-dateness.

Changes had transpired outside, too, but not the sort that Delia made. Nature had attended to the decaying pillars of the driveway, to the growth of weeds between two rows of stately poplars where, in years gone by, Judge Chesley had rolled his luxurious way to the musical clatter of prancing bays; Nature and her faithful henchman, Time, had smeared the grounds of Chesleyvale with their thumb-prints and ugly blotches, spreading untidiness and waste where order and beauty once had flourished.

Delia stirred, groaned and stretched herself awake. She lay a moment blinking in the dancing sunbeams and marshalling her scattered faculties. Then, of a sudden, she bounded into the middle of the floor and rushed across to her flimsy dressing table.

In appearance the woman who stared back at her was certainly not attractive. Wisps of rather colorless hair were tightly wrapped around appliances which, according to their advertisement, were infallible for imparting a natural wave, overnight; eyebrows and lashes were covered with a glutinous, yellow substance claiming a stimulation of their growth. The eyes, themselves, were those of a woman so tired that eight hours' sleep had failed to vivify her, and beside this, various plasters and adhesions clung to her face—these purported by their inventors to obliterate the marks left by Time's fingers, if properly and faithfully applied. Her hands were encased in a large pair of gentleman's soiled evening gloves.

"Put me in the battle front," observed Delia, critically, to the woman in the mirror, "Put me in the battle front, and I guarantee to check the advance of the oncoming legions. Indeed, I have every confidence that I could put them to flight! Um-hum. . . here's a good beginning—I have stopped the clock!"

She laid aside the soiled gloves and made a rasping noise with the winder. When it would turn no further, she looked absently at the face of the clock and continued her monologue.

"I wish I could have stopped it twenty years ago—or, perhaps, I ought to wish I could turn it back that length of time and live it over again." A frightened sort of look crossed her face. "I wish I could hold it still!" she cried. "In another twenty years, I will be OLD."

Slowly she pulled the plasters from her face and removed the yellowish paste. Then taking her hair from its curlers, Delia made a little parcel of these First Aids to Beauty, and consigned them to the grate in her room. Their burning was conducted as solemnly as though it had been a religious rite.

After that she felt better.

She had hardly breakfasted before callers began to arrive. It was the usual thing in the small college town for the frivolous and unoccupied to run in to Delia's. She was not surprised, therefore, or unprepared to receive six of the season's buds. She was always a particular friend of debutantes, who never felt unsophisticated in her presence. She never criticised them or gave them advice, indeed she she often went so far as to ask it of them, thus increasing their self-esteem and her own popularity.

"Well, what's new?" they asked, disposing themselves about the spacious verandah. Delia always had the very latest news.

"Something which will surprise you beyond the power of speech. Briefly, I am going to—"

"Be married!" they shrieked in chorus. "I knew it—I've just expected it for ages, but—er—who is the lucky man?"

Half a dozen names were suggested upon the instant, but Delia shook her head. The girls did not notice that her smile was almost grim.

"If you will permit me to finish, my dears," she said, "I may add that I am going to restore my ancestral estate, replace the family heirlooms and antiques, renounce the life of the giddy butterfly—in a word, I am going to take boarders."

The girls were too overpowered to speak. Finally, Muriel voiced the natural query,

"But why?"

"For many reasons." Then with apparent irrelevance, "I am not going to the Senior hop."

"Delia!"

"No, and for a reason you will never guess—I have not been asked."

The girls were embarrassed. Refined natures are apt to feel embarrassed for one who, accustomed to victory, has to acknowledge defeat.

"Of course you will be," some one murmured. "And anyway, I don't see what that has to do with your taking boarders. Why, gradually, you will drop out of everything and be just like—"

"Beside," Muriel hesitated and blushed, "a girl like you won't be able to take—er—every sort of person."

Delia laughed outright.

"No," she confessed. "I shan't. I am going to take college students and bachelors. No others need apply!"

The girls were aghast. Their Delia outraging the conventions!

"I will keep you on tenderhooks no longer, my children. but will tell you all about it; to begin with—to-day is my birthday. I am forty years old—forty!"

The maidens were shocked. Youth is apt to be shocked at the sudden appearance of the withering hand of Age. Of course people hinted that Delia—but they were not sure.

"It happens, too," she went on, "that to-day is Thursday, the first Thursday for five years upon which I have not gone on a hair hunt."

"A what?"

"A hair hunt. That means that I sat for an hour in a strong light and plucked out all the gray hairs I could find. A somewhat thinning process I admit, but on the whole not unsatisfactory."

No one said anything, so Delia continued,

"This is the day upon which Delia is to be born again!—not the usual sort of birth which presupposes something inordinately helpless and young, but a bursting into middle age and womanliness and sincerity and I trust—use."

Muriel broke the pause which followed by remarking, "Well, I can't see anything particularly laudable in a person deliberately putting on the garments of age. It is like our great grandmothers who took to caps and knitting as soon as they were married. One is only as old as one feels and looks and acts."

"Precisely, dear child. But it has been many a year since I felt twenty-five and only by dint of constant struggle have I succeeded in looking it without being grotesque. As for acting it—" she sighed, "it is an awful strain for thirty-nine to act like twenty, to be always 'the life of the party,' to keep not only abreast with, but ahead of, the times. And oh, the aches and pains of the aged body! I think it goes to the back and the feet, first. To be able to wear old lady's shoes—that will compensate for *so* much!"

"But the dances," said one of the girls. "You won't be happy left out of things."

"Perhaps not just at first. But habit is only a treadmill, after all; once started you have to go on, until you are willing to give a wrench and get off. The day will come—has come, when I must be left out of things, anyway; that's the reward one gets for descending from generation to generation like somebody's fur coat. . . . made over to fit each season. Beside, I have lived for years in dread of the day when I would be chaperoned by my own god-daughter. Behold, I frustrate the designs of Fate! I drop out now."

"Don't be ridiculous," scowled Muriel.

Of course Delia wasn't just out. Indeed, none of the girls present remembered exactly when her debut *had* been made. But she was as much one of them, she was as much a part of the youthful social life of the little town as were the students, themselves. She always set the pace in entertainments, fashions and fads. She always knew and did the correct thing. Her idiotic idea of sinking down in a cedar chest with a pound of camphor for the rest of her life, so to speak, was too utterly absurd.

"The men won't hear of your dropping out," argued one of the other girls. "You have always had more attention than the debs. Why, look at Hodgetts and Clayton and Barnes——"

"You poor blind dear!" replied Delia, a trifle sadly. "No wonder Barnum said the public wanted to be fooled. It actually frightens me to think how successfully I have hoodwinked this town for years! You all probably thought they were crazed with love of me—and I meant you to—when in reality the whole lot of them looked upon me merely as a sympathetic well dressed ear into which they could pour confidences about Her, whom they had left back home." Having told me about her and feeling assured that I was content to be a sister to them, they could see no reason why they should not enjoy my sprightly company and take me to the college functions. That's the way I have managed for the past three years. But I want to read you this letter....."

She took it from the window sill and picked out certain passages evidently marked for them.

"It is from a girl who used to live here—Amy Spencer; your mothers will remember her. She was my greatest friend. Amy married Bob Hardy, one of the wildest boys at the University and went off to New Mexico with him. It has been years and years since I heard from her. She was distinctly a girls' girl, and not very popular with the college men. None of us understood why Bob was attracted by her. I urged her not to marry when she did, but she pointed out with perfect frankness that she might never have another chance. 'You know, Delia,' I remember her saying, 'we get older every year. Now we are the contemporaries of the students; tomorrow we will be their older sisters; and after that we will be their mothers and grandmothers. Not only do I really love Bob, but I am too lazy to be try to skittish when I should be at home on the shelf.' "

Delia twisted the letter around her finger and looked back through a misty passage of twenty years.

"I scoffed at her. I always had heaps of beaux and I never dreamed that I should be—forty. At that time I had too many chances; now I have not enough..... Amy wants to send her son to college. I blush to realize that *I might have taken him up and tried to make a beau of him*! Think of that, during the next five years, you precious young things! But the letter——she says,

Dearest Delia,

I write this to bridge the silence of many, many years hoping to find you still in the old town—perhaps even in that grand old house. (How I love to look back upon its dignity and simplicity in these days of unsubstantial gimcracks!) Hoping that you are now a happily married woman with children of your own, hoping that you will let me throw myself upon our close friendship forgetting that it was followed by such a silence—a silence which I would have been glad to break had I been able to do so,

I am about to ask you a favor.

Briefly I have a son,—he is, now, all that is left to me. And I want to send him to the University that he may sit

(*Continued on page 33*)

A Better Way To Use Fresh Vegetables

By FRANCES MARTIN

FRUITS and vegetables were formerly under the ban of suspicion by very many people, and by such, in times of cholera, they were entirely ignored. It is now pretty generally conceded that injurious effects attend the use of these articles after they become stale only; when fresh they are considered, by many, much more healthful articles of diet than meat. Contrary to the opinion which still prevails to some extent, men are able to endure hard muscular labor on a purely vegetable diet. The same amount of care used to keep meat fresh should be applied to vegetables.

Housewives would do well to understand that it is quite as important to have green peas and green corn fresh from the fields as to have fish fresh from the water. They should know that the sooner all three commodities are cooked, after being taken from their abodes, the better and sweeter they will be. He who has not eaten peas and corn near the garden where they grew, or fish near the water, does not know the taste of these at their best. They who buy them in the market need to discriminate. In cities, certain days are known as market days—usually three days in the week—when the market gardener brings his product to the city. A supply of peas or corn should be procured, early in the morning of these days, to last until the following market day.

By making a study of the subject the buyer will be able to judge of their freshness. When peas remain in the market twenty-four hours, even though kept sprinkled, the pods are apt to become flabby, while those just brought in have a fresh, firm feeling, when handled. Corn husks generally reveal, to the eye, the condition of the corn. When it has been kept over, the edges of the husks usually look dry and withered. Until a little experience has taught the buyer, she should depend upon the integrity of the dealer—throwing herself upon his honor.

It is just as necesarry for us to have our vegetables fresh as it is to have fish fresh in order to get the most of their flavor.

The age of peas and corn has much do do with their excellence. If half or three-fourths filled, they will be found to please most tastes; they would be better younger than older.

With the present improved varieties in the market, more depends on freshness and size than on kinds. The old white marrowfat pea—or Irish marrowfat, as it was called by some—was the standard of excellence; and it has not been surpassed. It was long ago replaced, in the market, by the black-eye marrowfat, much more productive but of very inferior quality. Fortunately the latter has now given way to the telephone pea. This and kindred varieties has broad pods and usually finds its way to market before getting too old. Among the best varieties of corn is Stowell's evergreen. As this is a late sort, it continues in market after cool nights begin—at which time it is better able to preserve its sweetness, after being plucked.

Peas should be podded and corn husked as soon as they reach the house, whether to be cooked at once or not. It is a mistaken though prevalent notion that they keep better in the pod or husk. When thus prepared, they may be kept in the refrigerator until wanted for cooking. If they cannot be kept cold, it is much better to cook them at once. A good way is to put peas over the fire and bring them to a boil, when they may be set aside and the cooking finished when they are wanted. They will, unlike fish, be as palatable the second day as the first—providing they are fresh when first cooked. In shelling peas, if any very old pods are found, they should be rejected. Some people are of the opinion that corn will be found sweeter, if a few of the inner husks, or part of the ears, are permitted to remain until they are boiled. In cutting corn from the cob, the kernels should be scored—split in halves—by running a sharp knife blade through the centre of each row. The corn, if young, may then be pressed from the cob with the back of the knife, leaving the hull attached to the cob. Should the corn be too old, for this, shave off the upper part of the kernels with a sharp knife. This should be done after scoring then by scraping with the back of a knife, the kernels may be removed without the base of the hulls. If half of the kernel is cut off, too much of the hull will go with it. There are some who insist on eating the corn from the cob; believing that what is lost in elegance, is made up in taste—of the corn. In such case scoring will be found quite as advantageous as though the corn were to be removed with the aid of a knife.

Every housekeeper should take, at least, one lesson in vegetable physiology. This lesson should be on the "Office of Leaves." She who has not already taken it may give herself an object lesson. Take two young, woody shoots from the same tree; remove the leaves from one, only; and treat them, otherwise, alike. Look at them occasionally and it will be found that the shoot with the leaves will shrivel and dry much faster than the other. The reason is that the leaves perform the office of pumps. The water, taken up by the roots, is absorbed from the leaves by the air. When the land at the source of our rivers was wooded, the woods held the water—as a sponge does—and fed it out gradually during the summer, through the streams and rivers not only, but through the leaves also. The water, thus pumped into the air, was returned to the earth in the form of rain and dew. The destruction of the forests is followed by floods in springtime and droughts in summer. One of the islands of the sea, after being deforested, became a sandy desert. The remedy for our floods and droughts is to have timber belts planted by the national government.

The roots of trees and plants are connected with the soil by means of minute rootlets which drink in the moisture from the earth. When the plant is removed from the soil, the minute rootlets are destroyed and the source of the full water supply is cut off; so that the leaves, if permitted to remain, soon exhaust the supply. Other parts of the plant also evaporate the moisture; but not as rapidly as do the leaves. Bouquets of cut flowers are preserved, for a time, by placing them in water; in this way the waste is in a measure supplied. The nurseryman, who digs trees early in the fall, first carefully removes the leaves.

When radishes, beets and other vegetables are taken from the ground, the tops should be immediately cut off. If market gardeners would remove the leaves and sell their vegetables by count or weight, the latter would reach the consumer in much better condition. The husks of green corn and the pods of green peas discharge, to a considerable extent, the office of leaves, and, unless removed, will absorb much of the sweetness of these vegetables. The husks and pods should be removed by the gardener. Instead, they gather these vegetables, consigning them, in the husk or pod, to large sacks where they remain over night and, in sultry weather, become so heated that the sweetness is gone before they reach the market. If they were to be brought to market in thin crates, permitting a circulation of air, the injury done by heating might, in a great measure, be obviated, and thus profit accrue to both buyer and seller.

Six on a Vacation for Three Dollars

By SUE McNAMARA

ONE of the most beneficial vacations I ever took was one in which I completely closed the door on my usual life and stepped out into a new world—a world of insects, birds, fresh, damp smelling earth, waving green tree tops, and yes, even mud! I don't like bugs or mud, either, yet through some strange transformation the afternoon promenade of a yellow lady bug and a scramble after a pink lined clam shell became things of paramount importance to me.

Ever since I was a child I had wanted to go back to the old river where I had enjoyed so many care free, happy hours when my dresses yet reached my knees. "Impossible," said our friends. "You can't get back the spirit of childhood. Things which charmed you then would bore you now."

But nothing daunted, six of us, old time friends, rented a little rustic cabin which had been erected by an enterprising man on the banks of the old stream. Years had elapsed, years filled with work, joys and sorrows, trips to foreign lands, accomplishments, reward for endeavor, it is true. Yet my nerves were "frazzled." I longed to get away from the clang of the street car, the dress up parade, the shrill call of the newsboy, all the monotonous life of civilization. And in this little rustic cabin in a quiet country lane where scarcely one team a day passed I found my haven of rest.

It was a big one-room cabin with wide fireplace of cement, several beds which folded against the wall, and a lean-to kitchen. There were plenty of doors and windows with rough wooden shutters which could be closed in case of storm. Even at the oil cloth covered kitchen table, while beating up a cake, one could look out at the screen of waving green boughs, could take deep soul satisfying breaths of woodsy air. Back of the house was a little cement walled cave where we kept ice, butter and milk. The cabin was provided with good tight screens and there was a folding partition by which it could be divided into two parts if desired. In front was a rustic porch which extended beyond the cabin and was built completely around a great oak tree which afforded a good, substantial back for a rustic seat. This porch was our living room.

Then began our adventures. The first day was one of doubt and perplexity. The whole camp arose to meet emergency. It was not a time for dawdling about in hammocks. The whole bent of each mind was changed. It was as if Aladdin had rubbed the lamp and given each of us a new set of emotions. The lady who had lost her appetite suddenly prepared for for supper with a speed that would have surprised her friends in town. The woman whose nerves had been "frazzled" by the writing game and didn't much care whether school kept or not, suddenly awoke to the fact that the water in the old well on the place wasn't fit to drink, and that it must in some way be carted from the tiny cross roads village a mile distant. "The cave committee" decided that she didn't like the looks of that damp smelling hole in the ground and was sure a snake would grab her when she went in to get the ice.

"Humph!" I hear some one say. "Don't call that much of a vacation." But it was! A vacation from old thoughts and habits which had been wearing grooves in the brain and carving wrinkles in the face. If there were to be grooves and wrinkles they would be in a new place at any rate. Always before during my vacations, sitting on the deck of a steamer, or reclining in a chair on the hotel piazza gazing at the mountains the old set of thought habits would not loose their hold, for a number of days at any rate. There was the same peering ahead into the future, the same thoughts of the past, the mind chasing round and round the same old way like a squirrel in a cage.

But here, close to the soil, down among the damp-smelling roots of things—a yellow lady bug and a pink clam shell saved the day!

Hurrying down the shady country lane carrying a huge tin pail I suddenly stopped and smiled at the energy I was devoting to that problem of getting water. We would get water somehow. Suppose we didn't. We could go back to town. But here I was, forgetting everything but the perplexity of getting that bright tin pail filled with cold, sparkling water. Vacating! Vacating the old habits, the old interests. That is the secret of a real rest, and to get it you must entirely change your mode of living. Fill your mind with new things, new perplexities even, but get a new outlook at all costs.

I grasped the handle of the pail. The old man tilted back against the store, his pipe between his teeth and looked on imperturbably. Arms unused to heavy lifting refused to work. I looked helplessly up at the sky, hoping a passing bird man might see my plight. There was none. But approaching from the East was a young man smeared from head to foot with red paint. He had an engaging grin and a pair of brown, brawny arms.

"Can't I help you?" he volunteered, and I thankfully surrendered the pail. As we trudged up the shady lane I learned that he, too, had sought a vacation by entirely changing his mode of life, only his change was even more radical than mine. His usual occupation was chasing down Greek verbs. Now he was painting the bridge which spanned the river.

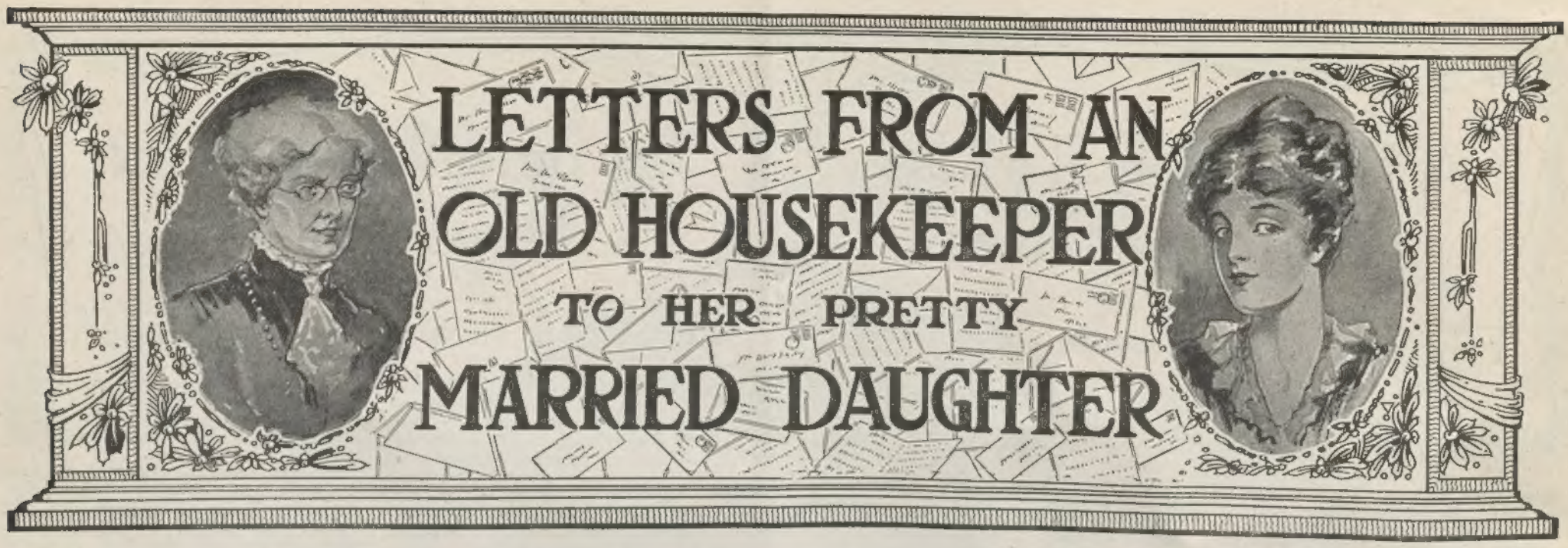
"I never painted before in my life," he confessed with his engaging grin. "But I wanted to get out in the open and find some work to do at the same time. When a man appeared in town hunting a couple of painters my chum and myself hired out. We aren't doing a half bad job even if we do get more on ourselves than we do on the bridge."

In the still hours of the night, while we were asleep under the blankets a storm came tearing down over the hill tops, bending the trees like grasses. Through the open windows, by the vivid flashes of lightning, we could see their wildly tossing branches. The rain beat upon the shingle roof.

There was the exciting fear that the roof might leak, or the tree in the porch prove a lightning target. But everything remained intact. We lost sleep, it is true, but with morning came the sparkling foliage, the mists rising from the river, and the keenest appetite for the bacon, eggs and hot coffee.

The daily trip to the village for the mail which was left by the rural carrier at the country store was one of the pleasures we enjoyed. To be beneficial a vacation must have exercise in it. One morning we had an expedition over the hills after wild gooseberries. We got several pailsful and the Lady of the Pink Kimona made them into jam at the oil cloth covered table by the window where the screen of green leaves swayed. After a two mile tramp through the woods to the village and back it was restful to lie full length in a hammock and watch the busy crows circling overhead and listen to the soothing far-off tinkle of a cow-bell.

The whole outing of two weeks cost each of us less than three dollars apiece. The owner of the cabin refused to take a cent. Transportation cost $6.00. Our bill for provisions was only a little over $10.00. And when the honk of the auto horn at last rudely broke the stillness it was with real regret that I packed my bottle of pennyroyal oil (sure cure for mosquitoes), looked my last at the slowly circling crows, and stepped back across the threshold into the crowded room called Civilization with its artificial squirrel cage routine of thought and habit.



May 10, 19——

TIME flies quickly. It seems but a year or two ago that you, my dear daughter, were given to my arms: and it seems hardly more than an hour ago that you went from my arms to the strong and loving arms that will protect you through life, and yet I know it is full ten days since we gathered up the old slippers and swept from the garden walk the scattered rice that followed you to your carriage. You are now mistress of your own lovely home, and I feel it was so wise for you to go directly there and postpone your wedding journey until you have got your bearings as it were, in your new surroundings.

A girl is just a child to her mother until she becomes a wife, and then mother and daughter become friends as well, sharing duties that are common to both, bearing burdens that maidenhood does not know.

The most common tasks of life are glorified by love. In looking back over my own married life—from which lessons may be drawn that will be of help to you at the beginning of your married life—I know that many days would have been dull, many burdens almost too heavy to bear if love had not lighted the way and lightened the load. There are many pages that a mother does not turn for her children to read until they themselves have left the roof tree and look back upon the home as only a stopping-place by the way that leads to a fuller and broader life.

The mother who resents the interest that creeps in between her and her daughters when love has called them from her sheltering care, is not wise. She must know that her children bide for only a time in her home, looking forward always, and as is natural, to the day when they will have their own homes, no matter how happy the childhood and girlhood home has been to them. It is the mothers' home, to the end of life, not theirs. Their home awaits them some where else in the world. They must fix it well upon a rock, my child, if it is to be lasting. At the outset remember that "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Husband and wife must blend in interests without sinking or losing individuality.

There are pages, as I have said, in the life of every mother that she does not turn for her children to read—not until they have left her sheltering care, and, in many cases, she never turns them. I would prefer to let you read a few from my day book now, lest at some time you might stumble upon some knowledge of them.

I did not know when I became a bride, as I know to-day, that a man's nature is not immediately changed the moment he slips the ring upon his bride's finger, and I did not know that a woman remains much the same after marriage as she was before, so far as taste in dress, in house furnishings, in her general view of life. I did not realize that a man and woman meeting and loving ever so dearly are still products of different environments. And the lack of such knowledge and appreciation of such things brought to me, my dear daughter, many heartaches, and—shall I tell it?—came sadly near wrecking my life, for I declared to myself that "I could not stand it," and now I realize that what I felt I could not "stand" was merely that your dear father, born to lead always, would not sink his individuality to conform to my whims. For just one month, one sad, unhappy, one wretchedly miserable month we separated! Fancy that. No one knew, however. I went back to my mothers' home, declaring only that I was homesick. I vowed when I left my own door that I would never return to your father again, that he was a tyrant. When I crossed the threshhold of my own door again I vowed I would never, never leave him for a day again, and I never have, except at the call of duty or necessity—never from choice or willingly.

There will come disagreements in early married life. It is not possible for two natures to blend entirely no matter how many years are spent together and it is impossible to learn at once how to meet the moods of another without irritating or giving offence. If mistakes are made, love will smooth out all the wrinkles, and find ways to excuse and forgive.

Every house that stands has four corner stones. The greatest of these is Love, but Respect must not be forgotten, nor Patience and Forgiveness.

Marriage is a partnership; and while you, my daughter, will not be obliged to practise so many economies as I did in my early married life, still a knowledge of economical and practical ways to manage a household is a thing that every woman who sets about the business of being a wife should consider well worth her while. I have tried by my example, as you know, to direct my daughters and prepare them for domestic duties. You will, I feel sure, apply what you have learned in our home, but there will be new points continually arising for you to settle, and now that you must depend entirely upon self, and have me no longer to rely upon as a referee, somewhat later on I am going to set down for you, so that you may have them for very handy reference, a number of directions for household management. At present I know that you are too happy in just your every day life to look too far into the future and anticipate its cares. I would not have it otherwise. But once in a life time the honey moon rises. For some of us it never wanes entirely, and I pray this may be your good fortune, as it has been your mother's.

The making and building of a home is not a haphazard thing, and so I have spoken of the "business" of being a wife. There is no more excuse for the woman who keeps her household accounts carelessly than there is for a man who manages his office or factory carelessly. The "leaks" in household expenditures may amount to a great deal. To not know how money is spent is most unwise—most disastrous, if the bank account is not unlimited. If a man did not know how the money was spent in his business he would soon find bills overdue that could not be met. It is unfair to the one who supplies the funds with which to maintain the home to handle them carelessly. No business can prosper if one partner is not fair in all his dealings, not responsible and careful, however hard the other partner may work. In the end there will be little or no progress, and, possibly, there will be failure, while if both had done their best, much success and prosperity would have been the outcome.

It is most unfair to a man weighted by business cares to expect him to tolerate a poorly managed home. The right-thinking woman does not enter upon married life with the idea, and the purpose, of being treated like an irresponsible infant. She knows that one half of the success of the partnership rests with her.

Of course a wife cannot do all. She must be met halfway in all things. She must be allowed to exercise her judgment in domestic and household matters, and even though she is inexperienced in the beginning she can only learn through the ups and downs of a housekeeping and homemaking experience.

The most beautiful homes are not built up through revolution but through evolution. There is no individuality about the home that is furnished newly throughout every few years, to conform to fashion and style. It is the addition here and there of a piece of furniture, a picture, a drapery that just fits the room and the moods of the occupant, that in the end results artistically and harmoniously. One's home should express the occupants. The most beautiful homes in the world are those that have been many years in building, some of them at first most modest as to both interior and exterior. An expensive splurge in the beginning, a trying to be as magnificent in appearance as some neighbor, would have meant wreckage at the outset. The pretty stone cottage that added a wing here and there, and then another story, is a far more beautiful piece of architecture than the great pile built up to be merely massive and impressive. The home that has grown room by room has nooks and corners that are most inviting and cosy, and tells the story of growth that has come just to meet needs and moods. The same thing is true of the furnishing of this home.

I am looking forward to a visit in your home when that is possible—when it is possible for me leave my own cares and duties behind for awhile, and when you have had opportunity to enjoy to your heart's content that wonderful sense of home possession. I would not intrude upon this for the world, though I fancy I hear you chidingly say that I could never intrude. Oh, my dear child, we can meet upon common ground today—I have not forgotten the early days of my married life. They are not merely dim memories—I have never allowed them to grow so. They are living things. I went, as you have gone, to my new home, my very own home, as proud as a princess. It was a very lovely spot—a little cottage with roses all about and honey bees droning over the fields of white and pink clover. Yes, the little cottage gave way in time to the beautiful home that you have so lately left, and where there was but one garden path leading up to the cottage door I now look upon a dozen garden paths all bordered with roses. But the bees do not hum any more entrancingly than they did that June day so long ago, and not a rose blows that is any lovelier than those that fell about the little cottage doorway. It is not our possession that counts so much, it is the hearts which we take to them. This is what counts in the married life of a woman, and in the married life of a man.

There will be "red letter" days along the way in your new life, but there will also be many dull and rainy days when monotony will settle like a cloud over everything—your books, your music, your sewing, and it is then that the sly little god of mischief can get in his best work. He is ever watching out, you know, for grey corners. The only thing that can banish him is patience and infinite tact. We cannot always be gay, you know, nor buoyant, nor can those with whom our daily lives are associated. Often there are drooping wings at the end of the day, tired hearts and heads, and at such times silence is often the best remedy. A forced gaiety is never wise. Better hours of quiet restfulness, but always with that feeling that comes to those who love sincerely, that one is understood to be sympathetic even though one does not speak.

Expect, my child, the feeling of monotony to creep over you when all the glamour of the newness of your home and your life has been lived over. This will happen as it has happened to every woman and to every man who has changed from the old to the new home life. To postpone it by too eager endeavor is not wise. Just let it come, face it, and work out of it as new interests come on from day to day. Much has been said and written upon the subject. Very wiseacres have advised young wives to fight off this hour. I would not say so. You can bring about you false glamour continually, but in time you will relax and not feel it worth the effort. And the man who must be forever entertained and dazzled by wit and sprightliness is a poor life partner. The real test of love is in the hours when the wings of the spirit droop and need the upholding of another in sweet peace and sympathy.

Though we are miles apart we can have very frequent visits, for the post is a regular and friendly thing, and I will promise you long letters, for there are so many things that I have to say that I know you will find helpful in your daily life.

And now my dear daughter, for the time, adieu.

MOTHER.

EPISTLETTES

The mother who resents the interest that creeps in between her and her daughters when love has called them from her sheltering care, is not wise.

* * *

Husband and wife must blend in interests without sinking or losing individuality.

* * *

A woman remains much the same after marriage as she was before.

* * *

It is impossible to learn at once how to meet the moods of another without irritating or giving offense.

* * *

Marriage is a partnership.

* * *

There is no more excuse for the woman who keeps her household accounts carelessly than there is for a man who manages his office or factory carelessly.

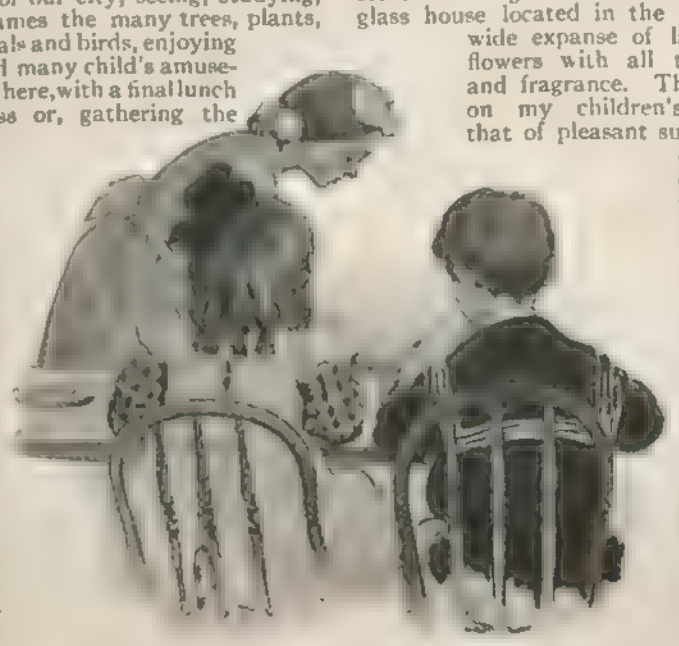
The most common tasks of life are glorified by love.

A Model Nurse

The Freedom And Knowledge I Am Gaining With The Help Of My Babies

By EVALYN EARLY

FROM the day my first child was born I resolved to hold an important part and have a recognized place in his life. To enjoy and appreciate with him the good and beautiful of this big world, and not go "moping" blindly on, ignorant of its charms. To do this I realized I must be his companion, playmate and confidante, in other words, his nurse. To-day my babies enjoy their mother's companionship and love. We are staunch comrades, and this is how it all happened. In the springtime of life, when all is beautiful and gay, my babies, five and two years, respectively, enjoy with me full days of pleasure together, regardless of home duties or tasks; these are second considerations. Many days our time is well spent journeying to the many parks of our city, seeing, studying, calling by names the many trees, plants, flowers, animals and birds, enjoying its swings and many child's amusements found there, with a final lunch on the grass or, gathering the wild flowers and collecting the numerous pebbles along the driveway. Many a happy hour is spent rolling down the grassy slopes, mother nurse joining in the sport. Often the visit to the park is changed to a stroll out some lonesome road, plucking sunflowers and wild daisies on vacant lots, digging the little saplings to replant in our back yard on reaching home.



A Little Tea Party on the Lawn—Mother Nurse plays her part, too.

When the summer days approach hot and sultry, each morning as the solar rays are creeping skyward and upward, babies and mother nurse have an early breakfast with "Dada." Dishes are cleaned and placed away in a "jiffy." With a happy good-bye to Dad as he leaves for business, babies and nurse start for an early walk in the cool of the morning. Often spades and little pails are carried and a sand pile is formed on the corner of a street where a new house is being erected, or an asphalt street molded. A few times the sand play was enjoyed where a new sidewalk was being laid, perhaps a mile out, for this all happened in a western metropolis, where these new achievements and forms of progression were needed and wanted.

Mother nurse feels that the necessity of an afternoon nap on these long hot days is essential to her health, so takes advantage of same, lying down with her children for a half hour or more, regardless of home duties. Those not completed to-day can be done to-morrow.

With the coming of fall mother nurse changes her plans to afternoon pleasures, sought between lunch and 4 o'clock. Sometimes a long car ride is indulged in, giving notice and discussion to the many items of interest seen from the windows. The immense buildings are talked of—what the height and who the occupants, railroad crossings made, sign boards read, and as we ride nearer the country our eyes feast on nature's beauty, on her alfalfa and cotton fields, "looking like little fairy snowballs hung on a bush, for the sun to smile upon," so our boy expressed it. Domestic animals grazing could be seen all along the route.

If the fall winds are unusually strong and piercing, a short walk to a suburban car station is enjoyed. The different cars are learned by name "on sight." The specified routes with stops and fare "required" are inquired into. The distance and destination of each made known, and as they hurry by the occupants' faces and manners are studied. If their faces are smiling, their voices pleasant and cheerful, we decide the day's work or mission has been an enjoyable one and the bearer is a pleasing character. Our boy favors the motormen, because he says "so much depends on his hands, the lives and whole care of the car." I then explain how the conductor has his share of the responsibility.

The most beautiful impression left on our minds was, when one autumn afternoon, late in the season, we walked to a floriculturist's plant, near a mile distant. All evidence of the dying fall surrounded us. We could feel it as we gathered the many fallen leaves, in their tints of yellow, gold and brown, and see it when we collected the many different seeds of the wild flowers now rank and tall, drooping by the roadside. All our conversation was of the departure of nature—why so? where to?—and when its return? Oh! suddenly we found ourselves looking on a wonderfully big glass house located in the centre of a wide expanse of land, full of flowers with all their beauty and fragrance. The expression on my children's faces was that of pleasant surprise. And our oldest child afterwards said, "Mother, it was like a fairy tale." Yes, it was grand! We were wishing for Spring and walked right into its real beauty. All our recreations together "in my efforts to answer their many tangible questions on nature and man," have taught me the greatness and goodness of our Creator and the fullness and wholeness of humanity.

When the wintry days are with us, snow and ice covering the earth, we find pleasures with each other in the mingling and directing of house games and amusements. When the day is an extreme blizzard or terrible enough under foot as to necessitate our remaining indoors, for an hour each afternoon our wraps are put on from head to heels, all windows are thrown open, gas turned out and a fresh air romp enjoyed. I have found this the means of discouraging many a cold we might have experienced.

There are exceptions to all rules. Every mother is debtor to her children for the best that is in her life as a whole, and in her character. To pay this debt she must ever strive to better herself and improve her surroundings. In other words, "keep up with the times," "be up-to-date." To do this she is compelled to mix with the world, giving to others the best her mind and life possesses, accepting their best in return. The mothers of to-day can find helps, improved ideas and suggestions that benefit and assist in church societies, magazines, mothers' clubs, etc. In her endeavors to attend all, it frequently becomes a necessity, health and weather conditions considered, to leave her children to the care of a substitute. Under only extreme conditions do I leave my babies to the trust of another, for our home is bereaved of grand-parents and deprived of sisters and aunts. I am a member of church societies and a mothers' club, and when I am marked present, my babies are too. I am sure their trips with me enlighten their consideration for others, improve their manners, broaden their little minds and hearts. But in the absence of myself from my children, I ever carry a prayer in heart and mind that the God who watches over all will care for them. They are my staunch comrades whose companionship I happily share. Our walks through the woods have taught me there is a fragrance and beauty in the depths of flowers and foliage deeper than mere sight, and their use is for better purposes than decorating, that their sweetness can sink into the depths of mind, love and character. The objects and duties I once considered trivial and insignificant, have grown to be the things of real power and worth.

Getting a Teacher

What a Toronto Music Student Thinks About Studying Music At Home

By IRENE EFFINGWAY

WE have sent our students to Europe to study music; if a son or daughter showed a considerable musical talent the goal of the parent's ambition has always been Europe. In Europe we expected our students to get or complete their education in such a way as was, we thought, not possible here. We neglected our own musical possibilities to build up others at our own expense. Doing this, we lost in reputation, in music, and in money; our loss was the gain for Europe, to which we had got accustomed to look for the final seal and stamp of approval in music. This is to be changed. We can train our musicians in Canada; we are going to do so.

The present is a good time to begin. No one can study music in Europe now except with a great deal of difficulty. And this gives us the opportunity to consider what our students have been going to Europe to get, what they got, what they got at home, and what they could have obtained further if they had stayed at home to complete their musical education.

Students went to Europe to study with masters, but they didn't always find the masters to study with. There are just as many quacks in Europe as in America, and the foreign students would be the ones most easily imposed upon and fooled, because of their lack of knowledge of the country and its musicians. Granted a teacher of standing, even, the teaching was not as thorough, as conscientious as the teaching the student left behind in Canadian colleges; for foreign masters had a way of passing by the students ordinarily talented to put tremendous emphasis on the exceptionally gifted one. The majority of students who went to Europe to study lost rather than gained and came back actually not in such good form for playing or singing as they went away. The exceptions would have achieved just as much by staying in Canada—more, for their advanced study would have added lustre to the reputations of Canadian teachers and dollars to the incomes of Canadian colleges.

The chief advantage which we were supposed to get by European study was "atmosphere." This we were said not to have in Canada. Musical atmosphere is largely a matter of imagination; like artistic temperament and other slang expressions of the arts, musical atmosphere is oftenest on the lips of those who fuss more about atmosphere than they do about music. The thing is to get the music; the atmosphere will take care of itself.

All these students who went to Europe could have got just as good results in Canada; can get just as good results now, even better. If the European reputation means something, there are teachers in Canada with world wide reputation. Also there are Canadian teachers who are worthy of teaching and a gradually growing Canadian public who appreciate this.

At the present time there are teachers in Toronto who are capable of making Toronto one of the greatest musical centres of the world. At the present time, it is possible to name six or seven more than capable musicians, musicians before the public over the whole continent, who have obtained all their education in Canada. This fact is not so widely advertised by their agents as it should be. The opera at Montreal is a significant expression of the desire of the people for complete musical life. But the one achievement—and it has been an achievement—that marks Canada as a musical country and Toronto as a musical centre is The Mendelssohn Choir. What Dr. Vogt has done in founding and leading the Mendelssohn Choir is sufficient proof of what can be accomplished. So far as the Symphony Orchestra is concerned, not enough has ever been done; but enough has been done to show what may be achieved when the present Symphony Orchestra is really brought together.

At the present time, there is still too much rivalry and not enough co-operation among all the people who love music. We want to keep our musicians at home and train them here. Very well, then, all must work together to that end. We have the teachers, we have the music latent in the hearts of a hundred composers. A European teacher now resident in Canada said to me most emphatically: "It is wonderful how Canadian girls love good music. But it must be good music. They do not regard music as a matter of culture; they want it."

This desire for music must be met by adequate instruction. To get successful teaching we must have faith in our teachers. This is why less rivalry and more co-operation in music is needed. Every country had to begin sometime. Let us establish Canada's reputation as a musical country; let us do it now. We must have faith in ourselves; then advertise; then a reputation can be built up.

Real musical composition only began in Europe about the time America was discovered, and the European musical reputation and atmosphere has been made since. The big reputation is not so old as that for it is really a matter of the last fifty years, glorious years so far as music is concerned, for they mean more than all the other 450 put together. Yet, that is exactly how old music is.

The point is, somebody had to begin; some nation had to begin. First real musical composition began in—Italy? France? Germany? Russia? No: in the Netherlands, in Belgium. There were English composers of the same period who did notable work. It was from these beginnings only that European music developed.

Canadian music must be organized, and the people represented by their Government will have to do it. This is different apparently from the situation as it has been in Europe, where music has always had the patronage of the great as well as the devotion of the people. But here in Canada, as we are a democratic nation, we have to look after arts and sciences ourselves, and ourselves and our government initiate movements that in older and wealthier lands have been started by individuals. Our Government in Canada has subsidized railroads, encouraged agriculture, and aided manufactures. Now we are surely well started in things material and we can take thought for those things which are in a new land left for consideration until after a certain degree of prosperity has been attained. Clearing land, farming, making transportation possible, developing a constitution and a political life—all these things naturally and inevitably came first. But now Government must become a patron of music. Already it has given encouragement to painting, and the National Gallery affords proof that the arts are regarded. Let the Government in similar way encourage Canadian music. This can be done by symphony orchestras, great choral societies, and musical bodies, and grand opera companies supported by the Government. Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, and in the farthest east and west, musical centres to which all the musical life of the land will turn for inspiration and guidance.

This is Canada's opportunity in music as in everything else.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES

"I can only say to you, Mr. Willis, that I hope fate will some day teach you what it means to be a woman.

HOW LESTER WILLIS LEARNED WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A WOMAN

By BEATRICE SHAW

WILLIS stretched himself with a long, lazy cat-like movement of pure physical enjoyment; the action sent the blood bounding through his veins, and brought a glorious message of perfect health and strength from the muscles rippling under the skin.

He decided to spend the evening in his own rooms and went to his bedroom to change his dinner jacket coat for a smoking. Returning he met his man, doubt and uncertainty radiating from the smug countenance.

"A lady has called to see you, sir."

"A lady—now—who is she—what does she want?"

"I dunno, sir."

"What is her name?"

"She won't say sir,—nor her business neither. Says she must see you."

"Is she young, old——"

"Young, sir, and seemingly not too bad to look at, though her veil——"

"Show her up."

The curt interuption sent the man away without demur. Willis closed the door which shut off his bedroom from his sitting-room, dropped the curtain over it and waited.

She entered quickly. They were alone. Dorothy flung back the heavy veil which shielded her face and faced him silently.

"Dorothy, you here—at this hour—alone—are you mad?"

His eyes rested on her coldly, pitilessly; anger plain on his knitted brows, in the set of his lips. She took a step forward.

"Lester—I had to come. Your letter. I don't understand."

His gaze continued cold, inexorable.

"The meaning was plain, I think—it must end."

She quivered as a thoroughbred horse quivers under the curb.

"End—why—why must it end? What harm does it do you to be friends with me—for me to love—like—"

He flung himself impatiently into the nearest chair. Dorothy remained standing, disregarding his indication to take the opposite one.

Under his critical gaze she shrank, and a flush crept slowly, painfully across the pinched features. She became suddenly conscious of her shabby skirt, of its dripping hem, of her shoes sodden with water, leaving wet patches on the soft green pile carpet.

He saw her embarrassment and his mood relaxed.

"See here, Dorothy." The words came rapidly as a man speaks who wishes to end a difficult task as quickly as possible. "I wrote to you because I thought it best, because I wished to avoid a scene——"

"There will be no scene." The interruption was quick, the tone steady, the violet eyes were dry and unblinking. "I only wanted to hear exactly what you meant from your own lips. I could think of no other way to do it, so I came up here—straight from my work—it seemed to me best. I am sorry if it annoys you, but——"

He waved her apologies aside.

"Perhaps it would have been best if you had left it as I wished, but it is too late now. I meant just this—just what I said to you before. It must end. It has been very pleasant, but it must end. It is better that you and I should not meet except casually when occasion arises."

She flinched and bit her lip till the blood ran red on her teeth.

"If I don't mind, why need you?"

"I do mind."

She shrugged her shoulders and was silent.

Exasperated he spoke warmly.

"You are young—too young to know what it may lead to—in the eyes of the world, at any rate, even though we may know there is no more than friendship in it. You are a mere child. I must not let it go on. You will meet another man later, who will marry you and forget me——"

"There will be no other man——"

The words came steadily quietly, "It is not easy to forget—*you*, Lester."

He leaned forward, speaking earnestly.

"I *want* you to forget—I *ask* you to forget. Dorothy, believe me, dear, I am too fond of you—really I am—to let you go on drifting into a fool's paradise, risking your good name when I know that love could at best be but transitory with me. So it must come to an end. I wish it—later you will see the wisdom of it."

She turned to the door smiling a faraway, curious little smile—the all-wise smile of a woman who knows infinitely more than the man who tries to teach her.

He followed her out to the elevator.

"Dorothy—don't go like that!—say one word to me first. Say you forgive me for any pain I have caused you, and believe that I only mean to be kind. Have you nothing you can say before you go?" for her eyes were unresponsive, his hand held her uplifted veil.

"I can only say this to you—Mr. Willis—that I hope some day Fate will teach you what it means to be a woman."

His hand fell from hers. A gust of wind shook the windows, the rain rushed against the glass. Involuntarily she shivered.

"It's a beast of a night." The topic came as a relief in the strained silence. "You will not mind my not seeing you home—a taxi is the quickest, I think—take a cab ——"

He pushed some coins into her small, damply gloved hand—the fingers closed over them, but she did not reply. The elevator reached the floor, the iron gates opened, and the attendant stepped aside and waited for her to enter.

As he returned to the armchair before the fire, Willis felt somewhat as a man might feel who in a fit of insensate rage has killed the dog that loves him best. Dorothy's great reproachful eyes had the dumbly pathetic pleading of a whipped spaniel, and the pleading haunted him in spite of his self-righteous reiteration, "It is best!—it is far the best," as he punctured the blazing fire till the flames roared up the chimney.

And yet she was very sweet—he remembered the little things about her that had first attracted, afterward held his fastidious taste. He recalled her delicate face, the big mysterious eyes, the sensitive mouth with the faint quivering smile hovering around the lips, and her presence seemed to fill the room, he was permeated with the scent of her hair with the sweetness of her voice.

"Dorothy—Dorothy—Dorothy." Gradually he slipped into the embrace she held out to him—the room widened, darkened. He was alone with her in a vast expanse of moon and stars. Together they flew upward, higher—higher and always she was a little above him—he was straining to reach her, to clasp her, but she evaded him. The little mocking smile was on her lips—her voice like a far away whisper reached his ear.

"Fate will some day teach you what it is to be a woman."

Suddenly she released him—he felt her grasp relax—then he was falling rapidly into space, plunging downward, earthward through the darkness. His feet struck something hard, the whirling sensation stopped. He was standing on the pavement, the roar of the City around him, beside him jostling pedestrians, and in the streets the traffic of a great town homeward bound.

Willis did not quite know why he was standing on that particular spot, but he felt sure that he was waiting for something—he was also sure that the something that he was waiting for would come before long, and that nothing but patience would hasten it.

It was raining too—a steady, soaking rain. Willis knew that he was wet; that he had been wet for some time. His feet squelched dismally every time he moved them, yet he was conscious of neither annoyance nor irritation—he who usually loathed a mud speck, cavilled at a raindrop. He knew that he was wretchedly uncomfortable, but at the same time it seemed to have come to him that it was his lot in life to be uncomfortable, so he merely held the fragile umbrella rigidly over his head and waited.

He became conscious of a burning sensation in the palm of his right hand. Curious he opened it. On the shabby grey suede of his glove, lay two bright half-crowns, and as he gazed at them a voice from far away murmured in his ear. "It's a beast of a night—I can't see you home—take a cab—take a cab—take a cab."

He tried to throw the coins away, but they stuck to his hand and refused to be dislodged. He took a step forward to drop them in the gutter, only to find his progress impeded by something clammy and wet which flapped around his dripping ankles, and twisted itself round his legs. Glancing down he saw that he was incased in a narrow blue serge skirt, the edge of which was heavy with moisture and caked with mud.

He drew back with a jerk of annoyance, and at the movement a thing that appeared to have been poised on his head slipped suddenly over one eye. He surmised that it was a hat, and endeavored as best he could with the hand that held the half crowns to readjust it, but it lunged first one side then the other, and finally half way down his back. At length with weary resignation he closed the umbrella and hoisted the unwieldy appendage into its original place, prodding it through and through with various pins which his fingers drew as if from long usage from among its trimming.

The hat restored, Willis discovered that it was necessary to keep his head at one precise angle, his neck a rigid column, in order to maintain its equilibrium, and with the resignation which obsessed him he fell in with its caprices

Cabs passed him in dozens, taxi's, hansoms, four-wheelers, the coins still burned into his hands, but Willis remained patiently on the pavement waiting for he knew not what.

Had he been himself, he would have flung depression to the winds and gone home in a cab to a good dinner. He knew that he would have done this — but being, as he understood, for the moment, Dorothy, he was unable to carry out this programme. He knew that in a small purse lying in the bottom of his coat pocket there was only enough money to carry him through the week until the employer doled out the munificent wage which he considered sufficient recompense for the expenditure of Dorothy's youth and health and temper—therefor cabs were not, in the ordinary *regime* of Dorothy, things to be considered for a moment. If it rained one got wet; if it was fine, one did not. That was all there was about it. True, there were the half-crowns. And the Willis who was Dorothy and the Dorothy who was Willis mentally asked each other what he or she should do under the circumstances. Willis felt Dorothy's impulse to throw them in the gutter, to give them away to the match seller at the next corner. He felt her hatred of the man who could take away her happiness and offer her five shillings to pay for a cab as a substitute. But the Willis in Dorothy brought prudence to the rescue and insinuated that the impulse had been kindly if the act had been crude. He was sorry for her. He wished her to be comfortable. He would like to think of her going home in a cab even if she went home unhappy.

A taxi with the flag raised slid along beside the curb. Automatically Willis beckoned. The cab drew up beside him. He shut the umbrella.

Stumbling over the skirt, he recollected that he was no longer Willis, but Dorothy. It was Dorothy who set the unruly hat straight, who pulled down the disordered skirt, and re-arranged the twists of damp lace round her neck.

It was warm and pleasant inside the cab—Willis sank back against the cushions, only to spring into an erect position again as the brim of his hat flopped over his eyes.

Willis had always kept up a pleasant little fiction that he considered a pretty woman the most enviable person on the world, but as the cab swept on its way he began to doubt the wisdom of his remark –later he began to doubt the wisdom of the speed at which they were travelling. He grew alarmed as the whirring of the machinery increased –it seemed that the wheels positively sang in their rapid revolution. Willis let down the window to shout to the driver. A blast of cold, wet air tore the hat from his head. and his voice was lost in the howl of the wind. Faster—faster they flew till the lighted shops were mere specks and the houses became an indistinguishable blur.

A crash—a final whirr—a sound like a pistol shot—or the snapping of a Kodak shutter.

Willis was standing in a brilliantly lighted bedroom—the cab, the streets, the hat, the rain, the wet shoes all were gone.

A delicate odour of multitudinous perfumes crept up to his nostrils from the dressing-table before which he stood, a table whereon were littered tortoise shell and gold brushes, open powder boxes, fanciful cosmetic receptacles.

The long narrow mirror reflected an image at first strange to him, a moment after he recollected it as the form of the identical woman to whom he had last made his favourite remark about the enviability of pretty women. He remembered also the faintly sarcastic smile with which she had received it, and the scepticism in her voice as she replied:—

"Ah, Mr. Willis, if only you could know for one hour all that women endure every day of their lives, you would never say that again."

It was an attractive picture that greeted his eyes—a *petite* figure exquisitely moulded, exquisitely gowned. Golden hair piled high in intricate coils and puffs and curls on the daintily set head, bare white arms with dimples at the elbows, a firm, ivory neck, whereon sparkled and flashed a magnificent diamond necklace.

Yet Willis was not pleased, neither was he any more comfortable than he had been in Dorothy's blue serge skirt and dripping shoes. A stiffness, a sensation of being rigidly encased from knees to neck in the tightest and most unyielding of armour oppressed him. He dared not move his head lest a curl should become dislodged, and to add to his discomfort his face itself felt as if coated with cement. Finally his silken clad feet were thrust into high-heeled, glittering shoes as rigid and unyielding in their compression as the garment which encased his body.

(*Concluded on page 32*)

The Way Onto the Stage

Some Valuable Pointers Given by an Old Theatrical Manager

By ROBERT GRAU

HOW many women in Canada know that there are twice as many women directing the musical events on the North American Continent than there are men? Few indeed, and there are still fewer who are aware of the fact that in the Southern States seventy-five per cent. of the concerts, given by the world's greatest singers and virtuosos, are given under the direction of women who have made their impress so emphatic in this field, that it is now well nigh useless for any one of the opposite sex to announce a musical attraction in the cities where woman rules all that is doing in music land.

While public spirit at the outset has actuated many of these women in an effort to bring the best in music to the majority instead of as formerly to the privileged few, nevertheless, it is an absolute fact that hundreds of women who started in this work through club activities, are now so firmly and profitably intrenched all over the country that one may not to-day procure a route for any musical organization unless the local interests are in the hands of what is often called "the woman impresario," and let me say right here that the term is wholly proper. Ellen Mai Smith and May Davis Smith, of Columbus, Ohio and Buffalo, N.Y., respectively, operate on a scale so prodigious that it is doubtful if there are two men in all the country, whose activities in the same field are as varied or half as successful.

This is so true that some of the greatest celebrities in the world of music have offered both of these ladies an annual honorarium equal to that of a cabinet officer exclusively to direct their tours. Not only are there hundreds of local women managers, but the number of women who have their own musical companies on tour in addition is constantly increasing, and out of some sixty musical bureaus in New York City, at least half are now directed by women. Surely, too, these represent a vital influence. Antoinette Sawyer has interests to-day equal to those of any one man in the musical field. These women have brought to their work in many instances, a knowledge of music. Some have been artists or soloists, but not all are gifted in this respect, nor is musical knowledge or talent a requisite for achievement as a public caterer.

There is not a town to-day in Canada of 5,000 inhabitants that could not support a half dozen musical attendances a year. The larger cities have local men, but woman has not in Canada, embraced this work extensively. Yet I can think of no better locale than the territory between Suspension Bridge and St. Johns, Newfoundland, in which to build up a profitable business along these lines.

But woman is making her impress in the amusement field to-day in practically every branch of the theatre. The Schuberts of New York started with girl ushers, then they placed women in their box offices with such a result that they are now being emulated all over the country. Woman is even replacing the ubiquitous hat check boy in the Cabaret shows, and I can name a dozen women advance agents who have made so good that their salaries are at least as high as the average paid to men.

The best press agents in New York City are women. Anna Mable Pollock and Nellie Revell have been paid as high as $7,000 a year; Dorothy Richardson Ling, Belasco's "publicity pusher," is now at the head of a big publicity bureau. Beulah Livingston is a young girl who two years ago began to help provide "copy" in a press bureau conducted by a man; now she is selling more "copy" than her erstwhile employer. In addition, this industrious girl is placing the cabaret dancers she has interviewed for the press, in vaudeville theatres. Two years ago unknown and without influence to make her way, Miss Livingston now earns never less than $100 a week.

The leading dramatic agencies which supply the stage producers with talent are under woman's rule. The late Mrs. E. L. Fernandez was the mother of an infant prodigy known as Bijou Fernandez. In the effort to procure engagements for Bijou, Mrs. Fernandez discovered a demand for clever children in which she specialized; she had no experience, but had a large acquaintance with stage folk. Starting in her own apartment in the theatrical district, Mrs. Fernandez soon became a power, gradually becoming the representative of the larger producers and finally supplying the theatrical syndicate with all of its talent. At her death, Mrs. Fernandez was succeeded by Bijou, who had become one of the best leading ladies available, but as an illustration of the splendid income possible from operations in the booking agency field—Bijou retired from the stage and now conducts the entire business, never so successful as now.

Miss Packard began about the same time that Mrs. Fernandez did. To-day, she is the booking agent for the Schuberts, the second largest concern operating in the amusement field. Her two sons are also conducting similar agencies, but their success combined is not to be compared with that of the mother.

The biggest play bureaus are under woman's direction. Elizabeth Maubury earns $75,000 a year and it is through her sucessful play bureau that this lady has attained her present high social distinction. Miss Maubury's chum is Miss Annie Morgan daughter of the great financier who passed on in 1912. Alice Kauser's success as a play agent is second only to that of Miss Maubury's. A dozen women are earning in excess of $5,000 a year in the same field.

Woman was early in the field as a producer of Photoplays.

Alice Blache writes her own Photoplays, directs them, and produces them in her own studio at Fort Lee, where she welcomes the woman aspirant. These women knowing what opportunity has meant for them are invariably reluctant to "turn down" the sincere aspirant, and this is true of women in practically every branch of the stage or screen productivity where she is now impregnably intrenched.

The most sucessful Vaudeville Theatre in the Country attained its present status through the remarkable regime of a woman. In Washington D. C., for a generation Chases' Theatre (now Keiths) has been one of the Capital's great institutions. It was leased by P. B. Chase in the early 90's and he found its conduct a problem so difficult that he was on the verge of bankruptcy and was about to quit when one day there came to his theatre a young woman dancer by name of *Solaret*. This was the period when serpentine dancers were as common as Tangoists are today. Solaret happened to meet Mr. and Mrs. Chase socially and during her engagement she expressed her views as to what a Vaudeville theatre should be with such poignancy that Mr. Chase begged her to quit dancing and assume the management of Chase's theatre. Solaret at once assumed her own name that of Winnifred DeWitt, and had the greatest success.

While woman's opportunities in theatredom are greater today on its business side than on its artistic, the business woman is still a development of the theatre's evolution, but these opportunities are now increasing at a rapid rate and the aspirant who seeks to enter this phase of the field will do well to read the "trade" papers of the various branches—*The Dramatic Mirror* is a good medium because it embraces Opera, Drama, Vaudeville and Motion Pictures and one can keep informed through its weekly issues quite accurately.

For motion picture information exclusively the *Moving Picture World* is the best medium. For musical information I would recommend *Musical America* and for Vaudeville the green paper called *Variety*, but as before stated for those who can't afford an extensive library of stage information *The Dramatic Mirror* is best.

But what about the aspirant who has talent? Where is she to go and how is she to proceed to convert that talent into a weekly salary?

If you are a dramatic aspirant but still seek to develop such talent as you possess and can afford the $500.00 a year (for 2 or 3 years) I suggest the Empire School of acting New York City, or F. F. Mackay's School of Dramatic Art at Berkely Lyceum in West 44th Street, N. Y. City; these two are the best in America and Charles Frohman engages every year about half of the graduates of the former, the other producers gladly availing themselves of the rest. I can name a score of famous

(Concluded on page 25)

The Perfect Home

How We Can Best Be Happy by the Practice of Efficiency

By EMILY WARD

ALMOST every normal girl wants to marry and have a home. Yet how many girls are taught, before marriage, how to organize, furnish, arrange, equip and conduct a home? If we threw our boys into the world-battle with no collegiate or industrial training we should think ourselves monsters of cruelty. We do throw our girls into a struggle no less fierce— the struggle to make and keep a home all it should be—and we tell them nothing of the tasks and trials ahead Are homes of less value than stores and factories?

How shall the home be revived and maintained? Through a general adoption of the principles of domestic science, and a personal acquisition of a better understanding by women of the hard problems which their men folks are meeting every day. At least forty per cent of a man's efficiency lies in the hands of women—his mother, his sweetheart or wife, his housekeeper, his clerk or stenographer, and these same women factors in the life of his client or customer. On a mere selfish basis, fathers should insist that their daughters be taught how to earn a good living and how to conduct an ideal home.

Home is the great power-house of human electricity. Our nerves are the wires, our emotions the currents, our actions the manifestations of light, energy and influence carried from home by the radiant stream of ambition and affection. In a power-house we employ the highest-priced electrical engineers, to handle the machinery with faultless care. But in a kitchen we hire cheap maids totally ignorant of the digestive machinery, the science of marketing, the principles of household economy, hygiene, sanitation, organization.

I know a woman living in the country who works fourteen hours a day—and never seems to get a thing finished. She takes five steps where one would do. She has no place for anything—and keeps everything in its place. Observing the thread in her work basket, you think it the worst snarl you have ever seen, but you change your mind when you see her temper. She is faded, wilted, nervous, shrill. She has pains and weaknesses and miseries galore. She enjoys poor health to the utmost—the utmost being a debauch of self-pity. She has grown common to her husband, and for years merely a servant-in-waiting to her children.

Another woman living in the city, spends an hour every morning planning meals, discussing problems with her housekeeper, instructing her maid for the work of the day. Then she rides to her office downtown, where she conducts a large law practice, earning thereby the wages of her maid and housekeeper, and a good deal more. Her evenings are free for social duties and pleasures, and she has time to spare for human service and uplift work. She is in demand for lectures and magazine articles. She holds the adoration of her husband. She keeps her youth and beauty.

I know that the majority of farmers' wives, and of women in small towns, have not the facilities and resources to manage their homes effectively by an hour's work a day, and to embark on a public career at the same time. I know that the average housewife gets about 300 per cent more out of the time and money available, than her husband would. But I also know that from twenty to forty per cent of the motion in the average kitchen is lost motion, and that one dollar out of every five spent on the household is wasted.

THE HOME ITSELF

The site of a home should be high and dry, with abundance of light and air, in a neighborhood with a low mortality-rate. If choosing a city apartment, look for an eastern exposure, and be sure that no buildings are so near as to shut off your sunlight. Easy access from the home to shops, theaters, churches and other public places should be had on payment of a single fare.

A man's home should be away from his work—but not too far away, preferably within good walking distance, a half-mile to a mile. The most loving wife needs to be delivered from the presence of her husband for at least eight hours every day; and if the home is too near the office, he may run over any time and interrupt the household regime. An actor is a poor husband because never home—a doctor is a poor husband because always home.

Sanitation should include open plumbing; rapid and complete drainage; scientific prevention of sewer-gas; abundance of running water, hot and cold; use of proper soaps, cleansers and disinfectants, from cellar to the attic; modern cleaning methods—such as oiled cloths, sweeper, and vacuum cleaner, in place of old-fashioned broom and feather duster; elimination of carpets, curtains and tapestries that gather dust and germs, and substitution of rugs, simple furniture and other common sense equipment.

A few of the items under the head of hygiene are a home gymnasium; a heating apparatus both healthful and reliable, that keeps the temperature from sixty to seventy degrees Fahrenheit in cold weather; bathroom appliances and conveniences, to make the daily bath more enjoyable and expeditious; ventilators for all the windows in the house; an emergency case of home remedies, such as mustard plaster, court plaster, hot water bottle, smelling salts, fountain syringe, peroxide of hydrogen, bandage material and sanitary cotton; a chart or booklet always handy on What to Do in Accidents and Emergencies; and address book with names of best druggists, physicians and surgeons available—these having first been investigated; a lighting system (whether of gas, electricity or acetylene) that includes soft, shaded, overhead lights, but full-power, concentrated desk lamps; a combination of color scheme harmonious and restful; a good supply of drinking water guaranteed pure—either bottled, and certified by chemical analysis, or distilled or boiled in your own kitchen.

Certain articles for home use cost less from mail-order houses, others cost less from local dealers. Which are they, in each list? At certain seasons of the year, bargains may be had regularly—in clothing, furnishings, foods, and so forth. Do you buy accordingly? In the Kitchen, there is a science of utilizing "scraps" and left overs. Have you learned it? A pound of beans, of whole-wheat grains, of nuts or of cheese, contains from two to three times as much pure nourishment as a pound of best steak, and costs perhaps half as much. Do you consult modern tables of food values in ordering the daily meals?

Both vitality and morality require that a sense of harmony and repose comfort us in a the few hours of ease accorded to us. In this violently practical age, when even schools and churches are made for utiltarian purposes, the home is the only place where we can satisfy our souls with grace of line, symmetry of form, harmony of color, beauty of texture, poetry of symbolism. We are soothed, or irritated, by the pattern in the rug, the picture on the wall, the contour of the home against the sky. A cottage costing $3000, planned by an artist for the needs and the tastes of the members of the family, is a better investment than a $30,000 mansion void of the magic touch of refinement and affection.

Hurry is the chief cause of worry, and a home is the haven of rest where we can smile at our haste, and watch the world go by. One of the first rules of a scientific household is that nobody's ailments or troubles or fears be mentioned in the presence of the family assemblage Above all, gloom should be chased from the dining-room.

One of the first duties of a mother is to make her children proud to wait on her. But, alas, few mothers learn this until they are too old to begin and too tired to care. Each member of a family has certain duties and responsibilities to every other member. These are usually ignored; and often violated, as in the case of a father who whips his boy, or of a girl who wears her mother's clothes.

Parents mostly are guilty of either invasion or evasion of the souls of their children—they force dogmas on the young folk, or they neglect altogether to provide religious training. I do not think God looks at the label on our church; I think He looks at the love in our life. Greatness overlaps goodness. And as a man's greatest human love is the love of wife and children, so does that love, truly and wisely and freely expressed, make more for righteousness than any other instrumentality on earth.

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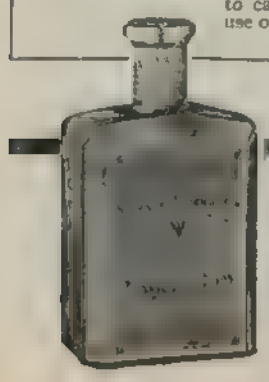

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There Is More Beyond

What The Heart Tells Us In Spring

By JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

THE lover of nature enjoys a veritable feast at this season of the year. Wherever he looks, he sees thousands of eyes looking wonderingly at him, peeping from earth and bush, from shrub and tree, as if to ask whether it is safe for them to venture forth after their long and dismal winter-sleep, and enter upon a new life in a world of balmy air and genial sunshine. Wherever he turns, melodious notes break on his ear, notes of greeting from birds of song, who have come from far distant lands to enjoy the new life and light that attend returning spring. Whatever his eye lights upon, there he reads the word *Resurrection*. He sees the dead returning to life. He sees that which had drooped and withered and decayed assuming new form and vigor—budding, blossoming, flowering, prophesying new beauties and new harvests.

And the heart, too, celebrates, at this season, its most joyful festival of all the year. While eye and ear are busy feasting without, the heart within divines the answer to the greatest riddle of life. It, too, reads *Resurrection* wherever it looks, the resurrection which eye can not see and ear can not hear and hand can not touch, which the heart alone can feel deep within, the budding and blossoming and flowering anew of precious lives that here drooped and withered and decayed, that here were laid to rest, that here never wakened again.

Whatever the doubts at other seasons of the year, the hope of immortality quickens anew in the quickening period of the year It is not accident that the resurrection of heroes and martyrs of ancient nations and denominations were placed by the loving and sorrowing heart in the spring season of the year. From the first, the heart availed itself of the language of nature to give expression to the revelations of the soul. From the very first, the mighty miracles wrought by spring in the realm of nature encouraged the heart into a belief of yet greater spring-miracles in a higher sphere, of a quickening in some other world into new blossom and flower and fruitage of them that here are mourned as dead.

And notwithstanding all the centuries that have rolled by since the heart first dared to think that daring thought, the belief in the deathlessness of life, in its elevation to a higher sphere for higher work, is as strong to-day as it ever was in the past. In vain have skeptics sought to doubt it away. In vain have unbelievers tried to laugh it to scorn. In vain have certain systems of philosophy tried to batter down its ramparts. Beyond displacing some absurd fancies which ignorance had piled up during dark ages of credulity, they have not touched the foundations upon which the heart has based its belief. If philosophy has not proven the immortality belief, science has not disproven it. On the contrary, the further the scientist has penetrated the realm of life and soul, the more awed has he stood in front of the Mystery of Mysteries, the stronger has grown his consciousness of the limitations of human knowledge, the deeper his convictions that, even though we stand upon the shore of a boundless sea, whose dark and forbidding waters no mortal craft has ever crossed and recrossed, there is a Yonder Shore, there is More Beyond.

Spain believed herself, at one time, at the end of the world. In possession of the Strait of Gibraltar, leading from the Mediterranean out into the wild and mysterious Altantic, upon which not even the most daring sailor had ever ventured far, she adopted as her emblem the two Pillars of Hercules, so named because of the promontories of rock on either side, and on the scroll thrown over these she wrote the words *Ne plus ultra*, "*There is Nothing Beyond.*" One day, a brave Italian, named Christopher Columbus, sailed out upon the unknown and untried sea, which popular fancy had peopled with all sorts of monsters, and which the most learned faculties had proven to be without a yonder shore, and, by bravely sailing on and on, discovered a yonder shore, a new and undreamed of world, a better world than the one he had left behind. Spain found herself no longer at the end of the world. Ashamed of displaying her ignorance by the use of an emblem telling that there is nothing west of the Pillars of Hercules, she struck the word *Ne* from her motto, and made it read *Plus Ultra* meaning: "*There is More Beyond.*"

It is said that on the shores of the Adriatic, wives of fishermen, who are far out upon the sea, gather at eventide to sing the first stanza of a favorite hymn. Then they listen till they hear the second stanza sung by their husbands, and wafted to them over the billowy bosom of the deep. It is their heart not their ear that hears the song of their beloved far away. That message of heart to heart across the deep assures them of their husbands' safety, and they return to their homes and duties contented. Even so does the trusting, loving heart of them that have faith hear, at the even tide, sounds across the sea of life from the Yonder Shore, sounds which ear never hears, sounds sweet and sustaining, sounds of the long-ago, sounds of beloved calling unto beloved, sounds that lighten the burdens of life, that tell of a new spring-morn after a long winter-night, of a new budding and blossoming and fruiting on the yonder side of the grave.

And those there are who go further still, who declare that science and philosophy have well-nigh established that there is *More Beyond*. The creation of the universe proves a Creator; its life proves a life-giver; its law and order and harmony prove Power and Intelligence Supreme; evolution proves a constant rise from the lower to the higher; the incompleteness of our present life, the innate yearning for the fuller and higher and better, the latent capacities for a more perfect existence whose unfolding is thwarted by the corruptibility of the flesh and by the sway of the senses, all bear eloquent witness to the declarations of heart and soul that there is *More Beyond*. All tell of a morn in a Yonder Life, after the night of the grave, of a spring in a Yonder Sphere, after the raging of the winter's storms. All confirm the comforting words of Browning:

"Death, with the might of his sunbeam
Touches the flesh, and the soul awakes."

When It Means Poverty To Be Rich

An Answer to Last Month's Discourse

By JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

THERE is an unfortunate confusion between wealth and the abuse of it. Wealth is a benefactor of society, as is also he who uses it wisely. To it we owe almost every blessing of civilization, and but for it we might still have grovelled in savagery, where grovels to-day the wealthless savage. Literature, art, science, commerce, industry, schools, and a thousand other blessings and comforts are products of wealth, and the contributions of them who accumulate it. The word "weal" from which our word wealth is derived, clearly indicates the meaning which the word wealth originally possessed for the wise. It constituted the basis of the common weal. It stood for food, clothes and employment, for education, government and law for home, society and general happiness.

And for what it stood then it stands now, and he is his own, as well as the commonwealth's, worst enemy who rails against wealth and would content himself with nothing short of its abolition. Notwithstanding all the abuses, the uses of wealth are so much greater that only the voluntarily blind and the hopelessly stupid can fail to see what would become of society in which wealth and wealth-producers were suppressed.

And yet more than stupid it is to attach taint to all wealth and to regard every man of wealth as a man of evil. There is but envy and viciousness in such an attitude; frequently it is but a mode of revenging one's self on others for not possessing what others possess. For, consciously or unconsciously, nearly every bread-winner is trying to accumulate wealth. It constitutes the most engrossing of human pursuits. It is part of our instinct of self-preservation, and that some succeed better than others, and some not at all, is part of a divine plan, that has predetermined that human society shall possess a diversity of talents and interests to assure it a diversity of achievements.

Not a firebrand or sharp-edged sword in the hand of a child is as dangerous as is wealth in the hand of him who knows not its uses and dangers. From the moment such a one acquires it, it becomes his master, and no tyrant has ever enslaved his subjects as mammon enslaves his. It is indeed as the psalmist says: "The prosperity of fools destroys them." Oh, if we but knew all the cankers that gnaw deep within and eat out the joy of life, if we but knew all the skeletons grinning in the closets of palatial mansions, if we but knew all the scandals for which large hush-monies are given, if we but knew all the sorrows hidden beneath tinsel and glitter and all the shames concealed behind make-believe faces, if we could but hear the frequent self-confessions "I was infinitely happier when I was poor and little known than now when I am distracted by a thousand social cares and bowed down by no end of financial burdens," if we but knew that, like the children of Israel of whose six hundred thousand, emancipated from Egyptian bondage, only two entered the promised land, probably of an equal number of envied and decried rich people only one or two are really, truly happy, we would pity where we now envy, and instead of hurling malicious epithets at them, we would, in all sincerity, say: Poor, poor people of wealth! They have nothing, nothing, but money!

The causes that make for such unhappiness are many. One of the chief is a want of that wisdom that will keep men from slaving on, after an ample fortune has been secured, and that will urge them to devote their wealth to its proper uses and to secure for themselves the happiness that is their just reward. Forgetting that wealth is but a means toward an end, they make the slaving for it an end in itself, never enjoying aught of their accumulation nor causing others to enjoy it, laboring only the harder the more they acquire, giving only the less the more they can spare, evincing their ownership of it only in the responsibility they have to guard it and to bear its burden, bearing to it no other relationship than that of the camel towards the treasure on its back, or that of a sentinel who stands guard over some treasure not his own.

Another fruitful source of unhappiness is the other extreme that enslaves people of wealth. Having acquired riches, many of them recognize no other use for it than that of serving their own pleasure, than that of gratifying any and every whim that holds out the promise of a new excitement or diversion. Even distinction is sought and found through avenues of vast expenditure. They who spend the most, or better, they who waste the most, are deemed the richest, and are, therefore, the most sought and the most talked about. No extravagance is too great if it can only attract attention, and furnish the latest sensation of novelty. Dinner parties are gotten up, each course of which is taken at a different hotel or restaurant. Theatre-parties are gotten up obliging people to travel to another city to see, at a large expense, a show that can be seen more comfortably at home. Beautiful homes and halls are turned into barnyards to create a new sensation. There is a feverish unrest, a mad rivalry in extravagance, dissipation, and exhaustion. Even the most lavishly furnished homes become but half-way stations. Unrest turns such poor rich folks into birds of passage, and keeps them almost constantly on the wing. Verily there is no rest for the rich.

Neither is there health. Restless greed, breathless toil, ceaseless anxiety, on the one side, in the accumulation of wealth; on the other side, ceaseless exhaustion in the spending of it, exact their tribute from the rich. Go to the health resorts at home or abroad, enter the private hospitals and sanitariums, note the mental break-downs among the men, and the physical wreckage among the women, and the feebleness and degeneracy among the young, and you will no longer envy the rich, nor utter a word of malediction against those so weak and blind and selfish as to turn one of the greatest of blessings into a curse.

Money is mighty, but not so mighty as to make healthy what is marked for death, as to make innocent what is branded with guilt, as to make sterling what is but superficially plated, as to make beautiful what bears the stamp of sin. It may buy clothes, but they will not give warmth when the heart is cold. It may buy houses, but they will not afford a haven, when the soul is without anchorage. It may furnish brilliant illuminations, but they will not give light when the mind is dark. Happiness is never a product of external treasure; it can spring only from within, from a clean heart, from a pure conscience, from an innocent mind, from a consciousness of having wisely used one's labor and one's profits in serving the true ends of life. He who so lives may be happy with little; he who lives otherwise lives wretchedly even though he possess treasures untold.

Women Worth Knowing

Whose Works Have Brought Them Merited Prominence

By

MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

A President of Parts

BY a "president of parts" one means simply a president possessed of the cardinal qualities: "presence," capability and tact, which mark the successful woman Head of Women. Nature had mixed these qualities so finely in the case of Mrs. Albert Gooderham, President of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, and Experience has so admirably supplemented nature, that delight prevails at her recent election to new honour and labour in office as President of the National Committee of Women for Patriotic Service.

The National Committee of Women for Patriotic Service is the same committee in composition as the Hospital Ship Fund Committee of last summer, which disbanded after achieving its noble purpose. That is, the new committee, like the other, is composed of the presidents and representatives of the nationally organized societies of women: the National Council of Women, the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, Young Women's Christian Association, Women's Christian Temperance Union, and all the other bodies of similar scope. Most of these societies, it is interesting to notice, happen to have their headquarters at Toronto.

The President, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, "Deancroft," Toronto, and the Secretary, Mrs. H. P. Plumptre, also of that City, represent this Committee in the Canadian War Relief Association, Ottawa, which recognizes the organization as the official channel through which all field comfort should be sent to the Canadian War Contingent Association, at the head of which is Hon. Sir George Perley. Thus, every

Mrs. Gooderham, a woman who serves the Empire in many capacities, principally as President of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire.

appeal for field comforts, which is issued by the Canadian War Contingent Association is communicated at once to the women's organizations through the National Committee of Women for Patriotic Service, commonly known as the National Service Committee.

The officers who largely planned this arrangement and who work this plan with superlative success have been most careful to avoid overlapping, by confining the work of the new Committee to service as an official information bureau for existing societies and to the handling of field comforts, Red Cross work being left to Red Cross workers. Confusion is almost impossible, here, as both Mrs. Gooderham and Mrs. Plumptre are office holders in the Red Cross Society, Mrs. Gooderham being on the executive committee of the Central Council and her colleague being Superintendent of Supplies.

As to her fitness to serve the Empire in the capacity of director of Canadian women's service, if proof were wanting one has but to call attention to Mrs. Gooderham's history as a member of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, of which she has been for three terms president. The Order is now in its fifteenth year, having begun at the time of the South African War with Mrs. Gooderham as a member of its first executive committee. On the same committee she has served successively as Honorary Secretary, as Vice-President and lastly as President, in which high office her superior abilities have had abundant scope. She was the organizer and first regent of the first military chapter of the Order, the Royal Grenadiers, and regent of the St. George Chapter. In the organization's extensive campaign for the prevention of tuberculosis in Canada, she has been so wise and unwearying a leader and under her leadership so much has been accomplished that His Majesty, King George, has recognized her service in bestowing the title, Lady Grace of the Order of St. John.

This then is the woman whose authoritative gavel commands the attention of a countryful of women whose desire is to help the cause of empire. But her virtues and graces are not all presidential. The hearth as well as the platform declares her as a woman of most unusual charm of presence. Music is one of her private delights and she, with her husband, has been directly instrumental in bringing to Toronto some of its foremost foreign artists who have quickened the whole city, musically. It is, however, as the "president of parts" that the Country knows this consummate hostess, this patroness of art, this patriotic worker, and now is the time when appreciative women may avail themselves of the services of her and of her associates in systematizing patriotic endeavour.

A Connoisseur in rose culture, Mrs. Allen Baines.

Priestess of Roses

"The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose—"

YES, it is April and the time for garden making, in spite of the fact that the Rose of England is obliged to exhibit thorns at the moment in order to protect its fragrant petals. And the lucky Girl Guides whose homes are in Toronto are rapidly becoming little Eves of horticulture in the classes conducted regularly by Mrs. Allen Baines, who examines the young aspirants for florist badges.

Mrs. Baines was reared in a Devonshire garden and her presence sheds the atmosphere of it even yet, after years of contact with people to whom the primrose is (p'r'aps) a primrose. It beams from her eyes as they dwell upon flowers, it trips from her lips in botanical names which were surely made to confound the uninstructed and again it appears in her present labour of editing the second annual of the Rose Society of Ontario, of which she is the efficient President.

As to her lectures to the Girl Guide captains; the series has been a source of entertainment as well as one of instruction to the classes; for the lecturer has an engaging wit as well as the knack of presenting her subject as something warm and intimate and simple. Her talks have been on the seed and its life, on bulbs, on plants in their natural divisions, on gardening tools, on vegetables, on shrubs and on other themes of intense interest to girls ambitious to qualify as florists.

You remember the ideal house of Wendy with "roses looking in" at the windows and "babies looking out." Well, that was the way with the Devonshire manor with which Mrs. Baines as a baby was familiar. She resents even yet being omitted from the slug hunts when light flashed on her bedroom ceiling and grown-up voices beneath her window gave her a hint of the sport that she was missing. When she was just eight years of age she owned a little garden which she made herself, with her father to instruct her, from a piece of rough ground behind a laurel. When she went to school—an exclusive school in Clifton—the child was still able to indulge her flower passion; for the students were all instructed in gardening science.

Since coming to Canada Mrs. Baines has continued to make a specialty of the study of rose culture. Here, rose devotees defer to her opinions. She is versed in the rites of rose worship as though the flower had made her its high-priestess. The Rose Society of Ontario which has been in existance for just two years and has greatly promoted rose-growing in the province, had its beginning in the house of Mrs. Baines. So that she merits her present recognition as president of an organization consisting of rose-adorers and connoisseurs.

Our Recognized Stateswoman

THE National Council of Women of Canada has been called by Canadian men of the press "the Women's Parliament"—so powerful is it in directing legislation, especially as touches the laws affecting women. If the term is apt, it is not more apt than to style Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, who helped to organize the Council and who has been for a score of years its secretary, a stateswoman of singular endowments.

Mrs. Cummings takes work as a mill takes grist, in vast amounts and without waiting to measure how much she is

Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, President of the Toronto Women's Patriotic League.

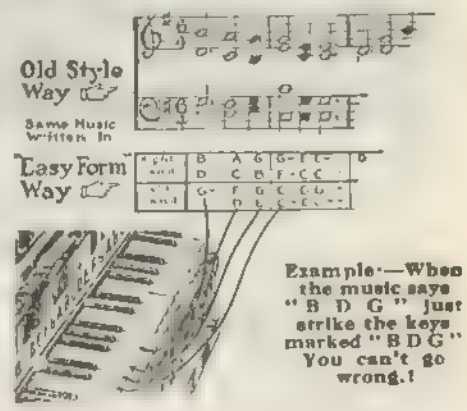
dealing with already. When she sees work to be done, she does it, and where a tonic would renew another worker, Mrs. Cummings is refreshed by another set of duties after which she returns to the first with ardor. She has not once missed the yearly meeting of the Council, in all the twenty-one years of its existence. For all but four of the said years, she has been its corresponding secretary. For three of the four remaining years she held the position of recording secretary and in the fourth, in which she was doing work for government annulties, she was still an office-holder, a vice-president.

In the International Council of Women, of which the president is Lady Aberdeen, Mrs. Cummings is convener of the Finance Committee.

This, then, is the able experienced "stateswoman," to whom women looked when a President was wanted to direct their emergency service in Toronto. Mrs. Cummings accepted the difficult office of President of the Toronto Women's Patriotic League, without being relieved in the least of any of her previous obligations. The results accomplished have been tremendous. Work has been supplied to hundreds of women who have made application at the bureau. Red Cross work has been carried on to the extent that over a hundred thousand articles have been handled at headquarters by the workers. The committee receiving "soldiers' comforts" gives a similar account of work performed which it has been enabled to make effective. Also, the Belgian Relief Committee records a generous total of gifts, to the prompt dispatching of which it has attended. And all these inter-related endeavours have been carried on under one roof, without confusion, thanks to the direction of a president who "manages" most ably.

Learn to Play the Piano or Organ In One Evening

If you don't play the piano or organ and want to learn, won't you let us loan you 100 pieces of the world's sweetest music and full instructions for playing for one week?


Old Style Way
Same Music Written In
Easy Form Way
Example—When the music says "B D G" just strike the keys marked "B D G" You can't go wrong.!

As simple as "A B C"

A Postal Card Brings It to You Free

Would you give a penny to learn to play the piano or organ in one evening? Impossible! No, not at all. Hundreds of thousands of others who never played before, played their first piece in just a few minutes. THEN WHY CAN'T YOU?

John H. Ferguson, Acme, Alta., Canada, says "I was not a little amazed when I found I could play in a few minutes." C. Pitman, Meno, Okla. says: "Have two children, one is 12 and the other 10, who in a very few minutes could play it well and they did not know one note from another in the old music." Prof. J. A. Quarrington, teacher and choirmaster, of Toronto, says, "Any person, young or old, with a fair amount of common-sense can play any selection in this method within an hour or two." Thousands of similar reports are in our files. Doesn't this convince you that you can play by this wonderful new method?

Any child or old person, can now understand and play the Piano or Organ without previous knowledge. No teacher. No tedious instructions by mail. Simply write us a post card, saying, "Please send me Easy Form Music for 7 days' free trial. If I don't want to purchase it, I will return it promptly." Be sure to answer these questions:—

How many keys on your piano or organ?
Do you play old style music?

We will then send you complete instructions, together with 100 of the world's most beautiful pieces of music. If you find you can play at once, send us $1.50 in 7 days after you receive the music, and $1.00 a month until $6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with the music, mail it to us in 7 days and you won't owe us one cent. Isn't that fair enough?

Address—EASY METHOD MUSIC CO.,
290 Wilson Building, Toronto, Can.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, *before they pay for them*, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

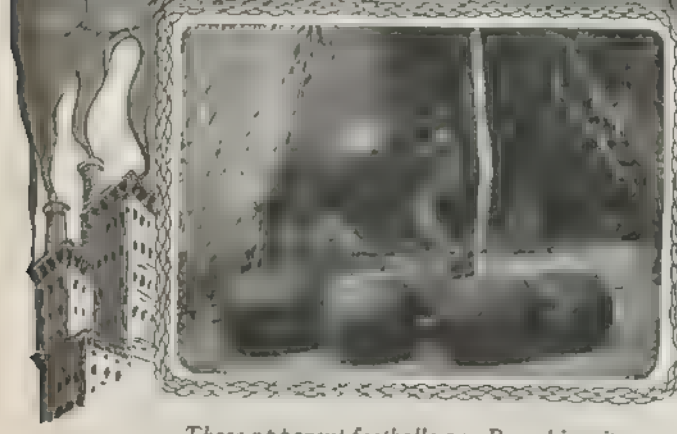
Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally,

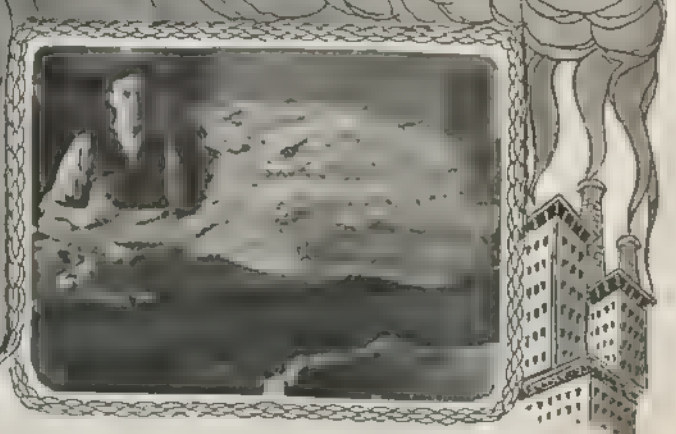
W. B. MORRIS, Mgr.,
The Nineteen Hundred Washer Co.
357 Yonge Street Toronto, Ont.
(Factory 79-81 Portland St., Toronto)

RESILIENCY and Sir Walter Raleigh

BY MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER



These apparent footballs are Para biscuits—the form in which crude rubber arrives from Brazil, at the manufactory.



Extricating by the use of pincers any impurities remaining in crude rubber after it has been washed and oven-dried.

FAMILIARITY breeds disinterest. Otherwise, we romantic women who adore the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh in the act of interposing his cloak between Elizabeth's shoes and a muddy pavement, would see romance in our personal rubbers, not to mention raincoats, just as we recognize it in the story of a courtier's mantle laid low for a queen to walk on. While it may not be so pretty, it is a great deal more convenient to have at one's service an organization instead of a casual gallant, when it comes to taking issue with the weather.

Good Queen Bess knew nothing of rubbers. Much less did she know about waterproof garments, MacIntosh of Manchester not being born, who made the first wrap of that description. She was dead before even pattens were invented—those curious antecedents of goloshes which came into general use about 1670. It was probably thoroughly unromantic when the mud was there and the knight was not, and the rubber of future generations was an undeveloped sap in Brazilian tree-trunks. It is the woman of to-day and the woman's family who walk dry-shod on a romance of manufacture—the development of the rubber industry. It has all the glamour of Raleigh's mantle; besides, it has the advantage of being constant.

And it all came about because a busy little beetle investigated the rubber tree with a view to possible dinners, and got himself killed in the operation. The tree exuded a sticky juice by way of protecting itself against the burglar. This milk was contained in the bark and the moment the boring insect reached it, he perished, the prey of his mistaken appetite and a martyr to the cause of commercial rubber.

For, look you, the hole thus made in the bark became filled with the oozing "latex" and all through the Brazilian forests the natives were familiar with lumps on the tree trunks—good for rolling into balls to play with—the monuments in gum to the rubber insect.

Travellers commented on the lightness of these playthings. Herrera, in his account of Columbus' second voyage, refers to these gum-balls the Indians used as better toys than the famous ball of Castile. This was the white man's introduction to the substance now put to innumerable uses, including complete protection against water.

However, not until centuries later did the beetle get into the white man's bonnet in a way to make the trade in rubber flourish. A certain French scientist did write about the gum, his government having sent him on a mission to Brazil which took him into the heart of the rubber forests. But rubber in 1735 was as radium is in these days. It didn't concern the wayfaring person, and stayed a curiosity for decades. It made its way into Europe by inches—expensive inches, which rubbed out pencil marks. That was the first of all its uses and even as late as 1820 people were paying about a dollar for half an inch of the stuff now bought so cheaply.

There was not such a thing as a "waterproof" in England until the MacIntosh product of 1825. That Manchester scientist turned out a garment between which and the perfected raincoats which are to-day being made in Montreal by the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company, in one of the factories of the Dominion Rubber System, lies all the story of raincoat evolution.

Now Montreal ladies are extremely enterprising—at least that group of Montreal ladies who constitute one of the leading women's clubs. Recently, these ladies, who might have studied Browning, preferred to hear a lecture on "RUBBER"—seeing that some of them had babies to whom rubber nipples were important, and some of them limousines and husbands who held that "tacks and such" should be avoided, and all of them jars that involved jar-rings, aches that ached for hot water bottles, front-doors that required door-mats, gardens that thirsted for garden hose, hands that depended on rubber gloves in order to preserve their delicacy, throats that tickled for atomizers, shoes that needed "bounce" in the heels, feet that required rubber protection and bodies that trusted to macintoshes against the lachrymosity of weather. So they held a ripping meeting at the Windsor, if one may believe the report in "The Dominion," a journal published at Head Office by the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company and circulated by the Company throughout its many branches. There are twenty-eight of these, to speak exactly.

The report deals with the matter humourously, whereas Mr. A. D. Thornton's position was serious enough when confronted by those women who did not ask him where rubber necks came from, and who did *not* suppose that children's rubbers grew on special little rubber bushes. "Ye Editor," who reported the meeting, stretched his imagination very likely—natural enough in a rubber writer, especially in one who, for many years, was associated with Mark Twain, before the death of that famous wit had ceased to be a gross exaggeration.

The point is that those women were sincere in asking Mr. Thornton to address their meeting—Mr. Thornton being a representative of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company and a connoisseur in rubber from beetle to boot. They tapped the speaker for information with all the art of the dextrous natives who tap rubber trees beside the Amazon. Romance flowed out of his mouth like latex, the ears of the women taking it up like the little cups that are made on purpose to stick to the running Hevea Braziliensis and pouring it into their mental calabashes to use later on when unscrupulous dealers might deem to doubt their intelligence in rubber.

Now this type of intelligence is a factor in patriotism. Applied to the purchase of many commodities which we stupidly accept from foreign makers when better goods in the same lines are made in Canada, it would mean less slackness in our factories and fewer applications at the Unemployment Bureau which our patriotic societies have opened to create work for the wives of jobless husbands. I have hinted the household uses of rubber. Can you tell me off-hand if your hot-water bottle (which you hug as if you were positive about it) was Canadian made or produced in a foreign factory?

The wonderful little electrical cutter which will go through twelve ply of rubberized cloth without the slightest jog or hesitation.

A glimpse of the French-Canadian stitchers at work in the Women's Raincoat Department of the great rubber factory in Montreal.

Every smart woman should know about rubber, especially with Spring here, when one of its foremost uses is apparent. And as comparatively few Canadian housewives have come within range of lectures on this subject, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD thought well to include it in the present series of practical talks on manufactures made in Canada. Accordingly, it made the arrangements, and I paid a visit to the Montreal headquarters of the biggest rubber concern in the British Empire—the Dominion Rubber System, composed of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company and associated companies—which this year has added raincoats made entirely in Canada to the long list of its more familiar products.

"Get atmosphere, mainly," my chief had enjoined, when I set forth to discover what's in rubber. And that's what I did get, willy-nilly, from the moment I landed at Papineau Square in Montreal and discovered this factory, or settlement of factories, against the blue of St. Mary's Channel and the clear sky of a snowless winter morning, until I left the district at dusk, when all the grey of it budded, magically, with squares of light in rows—the factory windows.

The atmosphere which I got was naphtha. I got it faintly in the office bulding—where the advertising manager, "Ye Editor" aforesaid, met me and undertook to show me over—and I got it strongly in sundry industrial departments, for instance, the rubber shoe varnishing department, which gave our press photographer a headache. On the whole, I rather liked this smell, which seems

In closing seams in the raincoat department the girl workers use rubber cement, which they skilfully smear on the edges with their fingers.

A group of "rubbers" ready for immersion in the varnishing tank, which gives them a glossy finish.

The vulcanizer in which "hose" of the common or "garden" variety, as well as of larger sizes, is made.

RESILIENCY and Sir Walter Raleigh

The tree as it grows in Brazilian forests, the original home of all commercial rubber.

a part of rubber manufacture. Neither did the employees seem to mind it.

I met some agreeable men at the office—true rubber gentlemen, with buoyant dispositions, "SPRING STEP" heels and, in all probability, "NOBBY TREAD" tires on their motors. Once, when my papers threatened to scatter, ten rubber bands were at my service. I say "ten" but mind, it was elastic. What I mean is, courtesy wasn't wanting and every possible attention was extended to help me get correct and lively copy.

Before starting out to observe the stages through which all rubber must pass in its manufacture, whether it be intended for toy balloons or for part of the apparatus of the diver, I was introduced to the "Para Biscuit," the form in which crude rubber arrives from its natural home in the forests of Brazil. It comes in another ropy form from its second adopted home in Ceylon, and the Malay States, where immense plantations have been developed from Para rubber seeds. The "biscuit" is a dusky earth-colored gum ball, much the size and shape of a football, but a solid mass except for the middle, where the stick was, that helped the juice to harden. The natives produce these marketable biscuits by means of a smoky fire of palm-nuts, over which the blade of a paddle is extended, the handle being turned while a stream of latex is slowly poured from a calabash, held over. The gum thus coagulates in layers as I saw in the half-ball they gave me to examine, in the crude rubber department of the factory.

Congo natives, as my informant darkly hinted, dispense with all these formalities of drying and get the rubber ready for market by simply smearing the juice on their skins until it is hard, when they rip it off and pack it. I smelled a case of this scrappy Congo—that is to say I definitely sniffed it, for all crude rubber "smells to heaven"—and I think it was after this that I enjoyed the naphtha.

You will like to know that the first operation in the manipulating of crude rubber for use is *washing*. The substance is soaked in tanks of water and then transferred to an automatic washer which grinds it to a pulp, dashes jets of water through it and mills it out in long and crinkly tissues.

The process of drying naturally follows, the crinkly tissues being taken from the washer and hung on frames in a vast "drier," like so many dangling "Golden Fleeces." They are golden in that they stand for wealth; for in just one room, like a draughty oven with its coil of live steam pipes at one end and its big exhaust fan at the other, I saw a quantity of rubber drying out which was worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There were many shades and a number of grades—one being "chicle," the origin of "chiclets."

When thoroughly dried the rubber is carefully examined, and any remaining impurities extracted—pincers being used in the operation. When picked quite clean it is ready for compounding—a critical stage in the course of manufacture as here the color of a summer bathing cap, the hardness of hose, the spring of elastic and other important matters are determined. It all depends upon what is added, in what degrees and under what conditions—so it comes that only expert chemists are capable of handling this department. They were so expert that I couldn't understand them when they told me what went into the mixers to produce say "comforts," or tennis shoe rubber, or any line of rubber goods whatever. I just looked bright when they mentioned "vulcanization"—and hunted it up in the dictionary after.

"Vulcanization," says that explanatory volume, "is the process of treating crude India rubber with sulphur at a high temperature, thereby increasing its strength and elasticity, yielding, according to the degree of heat and the amount of sulphur used, either soft or flexible rubber or the hard form called 'vulcanite' or 'ebonite.'" Before it was invented by Charles Goodyear, in 1839—rubber got soft if exposed to the heat and a MacIntosh beside the oven perished. This treatment applies to all rubber, practically, and is one of the big "finds" of commercial science. Additional elements go into rubber, according to the goods to be manufactured. There are, some five hundred and fifty formulae and all must be mixed to certain standards.

When thoroughly milled in the automatic mixers, the now homogeneous compounds are first seasoned for days in a storeroom and transferred to the tubing machines or to calendars, rollers of various sizes; for rubber ready for final "making" is in one of two forms, either sheets or tubing. The rubber is warmed on the hot rollers and worked out on to a carrying fabric, for raincoats, carriage-cloth, officers' coats, overshoes, firemen's clothing or ponchos, according to the lines of goods in making. Or, it is turned out into sheets for shoe-making, door-mats. balloons, and many other practical uses. Or, it is shaped on the tubing machines for hose, from the garden variety to the famous "Keystone," a wax and gum treated fire hose, in praise of which the Grand Trunk Railway, the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and the chiefs of the Montreal and other Canadian fire departments have all indulged in flights of panegyric. The man who said so is the big athletic son of General Sales Manager Jamieson, whom you have probably seen on many a football field, and who now keeps an eye on the mechanical goods department by way of occupation—as gaily as though it were also a game with a tendency to increase one's vocabulary. He beamed as he told it amidst the coils—like an up-to-date Laocoon made happy.

A few of the applications of rubber to uses familiar to every housewife—all of which items and numerous others are at their best as Made in Canada.

All hose are shaped on the tubing apparatus and then run into a large oven known as a "vulcanizer," and baked in the right degrees of heat to "fix" them. Certain of the sheet rubber manufactures are vapor-cured after the final making—for instance, those dainty bathing bonnets, which are one of the chief delights of the feminine "dip."

Hot water bottles are also made "raw" and afterwards cured in a vulcanizing oven.

No other factory in Canada puts out hot-water bottles, in spite of the fact that they are used so generally in our hospitals as well as in our households. The first-grade bottle—THE "DIAMOND"—made at this factory has warmed the feet of Queen Victoria and also of her successor,

Tapping a rubber tree for the "latex"—a method employed on a Far East plantation.

Queen Alexandra, if one may mention queens without their stockings. The creator of the stock in 1897, sent a sample to a nurse of the Royal Household—whence the "DIAMOND'S" use at Windsor Castle. The brand is now the recognized standard in hot-water bottledom. It carries a two years' guarantee, but has been known to stand continuous wear for over *eight* years.

I had only begun to get over the ground when the factory whistles shrieked that it was lunch hour. According to Trotty Veck's experience, "Nothing is so regular in coming around as dinner-time and nothing's so irregular as dinner." And a journalist, busy exploring factories is apt to subscribe to the observation when tempus starts to fugit and food is far. However, this time, a lunch at the factory—a "regular" lunch—made a pleasant intermission, and gave me an inside view of life at the plant. The heads of the different departments sat down and a few engaging stenographers also—who gravitated to seats beside my escort, "Ye Editor," who carved and dished and jested, and was, obviously, everybody's favorite.

After lunch came another excursion through courtyards, where deep-chested horses and heavy waggons combined to make a clatter on cobbles, another threading of mechanical labyrinths and I reached the new department of Women's Raincoats. It took some study to "size it up"—much more than Mr. Fedderman, the manager of it, required to "take my measure" for a raincoat, which he did as a sort of grand finale to his most illuminating demonstration.

That garment, by the way, is a warm Scotch tweed, rubberized throughout and fashioned smartly. The style "Duchess" suggests its design. It has cape sleeves, pockets, and an elegant storm collar—and is the envy of my feminine connection.

I was first introduced to the unproofed textures—tweeds, cashmeres, gaberdines, vicunas, oxfords, serges, silks, paramattas, etc.—from which waterproofs are manufactured. No other Canadian rubber factory possesses the equipment to gum these textures. The firm produces two classes of proofed goods—first, single textures with rubber on one side, and, second, double textures, with gum between; and great mechanical rollers do the coating and chemicals make the fabrics rain and spot proof. Two hundred and twenty-five kinds of cloth were ready on the shelves for immediate use.

After the proofing, the garment was "made." I looked over the shoulders of designers busy evolving styles to beat the "Duchess." I saw a roll of material measured, automatically. I observed the cutters whose keen little instruments, nerved by electricity from somewhere, went through goods laid a dozen-ply deep, without the slightest jog or hesitation. And then the "cementers" entertained me with their fingers crooked to hold the cement which

(*Concluded on page 28*)

AT YOUR SERVICE

The enormous factory or settlement of factories of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company, Limited, Montreal. This is the great headquarters of the system which has twenty-eight branches in Canada

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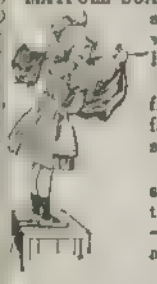
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24 deep, rich, fadeless colors — 10c a cake — Black, 15c. At your dealer's or postpaid with booklet, "How to Dye" from
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Spring is a Season of Many Needs

By MAY MANTON

EVERY change of season brings with it certain demands, but the Spring seems to come with special requirements, for we are to pass from cold weather to warm. This year we are to have most attractive gowns that can be worn both within doors and upon the street and also unusually pretty blouses for wear with the coat suit and the separate skirts. We have passed through a season of over-elaboration and only to return to simple effects and this Spring and coming summer we are to see very charming blouses for while they are attractive and dainty, they come quite within the reach of the home dressmaker. All the familiar lingerie materials are appropriate but there is a special tendency toward the use of cotton crepe and cotton voile for every-day occasions and crepe de chine and other washable silks also and these materials will be used in color as well as in white, sand and putty shades being especially well liked. The two design that are shown here are excellent. One gives the high Military collar with the V-shaped front that makes a notable feature of prevailing styles and the other shows the newest and best liked variation of the open neck and both, it will be noted, are made with long sleeves, but with the coming of very warm weather, those of three-quarter length will be used. In the compete gown is shown one of the smartest possible adaptations of the favorite Empire idea. In the illustration it is made of gabardine in shades of brown with threads of green, and brown charmeuse is used in combination. The three skirts are wide and flaring, but each shows a different variation of that favorite idea.

Nos. 8554-8556

Price of each pattern, 15 cents

Nos. 8609-8515—Price of each pattern, 15 cents

No. 8522A

Price of each pattern, 15 cents

For the blouse 8554 will be needed 3½ yds., of material 27 in. wide, 2½ yds. 36, 2 yds. 44 in. wide, with 5 yds. of insertion, and 6 yds. of edging; for the two-piece skirt 8556 will be required 4⅜ yds. of material 27 in., 2⅝ yds. 36, 44 or 54 in. wide. It measures 2 yds. and 16 in. at the lower edge. The May Manton pattern of the blouse is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 in. bust measure and of the skirt, from 24 to 32 in. waist measure. The Empire gown 8522A shows a three piece skirt. It is closed at the back and back closings are being exploited on many of the newest designs. For the medium size will be needed 6½ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 5½ yds. 36, 5 yds. 44 in. wide, with 3½ yds. 27, for the trimming. The May Manton pattern 8522A is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 in. bust measure. For the blouse 8609 will be needed 2½ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 1⅝ yds. 36, 1⅜ yds. 44 in. wide, with 2⅜ yds. of embroidery 5½ in. wide. For the skirt 8515 will be required 4½ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 2¼ yds. 44⅜ yds. 54 in. wide. It measures 2 yds. and 20 in. at the lower edge. The May Manton pattern of the blouse 8609 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 in. bust measure and of the skirt, in sizes from 24 to 32 in. waist measure

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of price. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure, and address, Pattern Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

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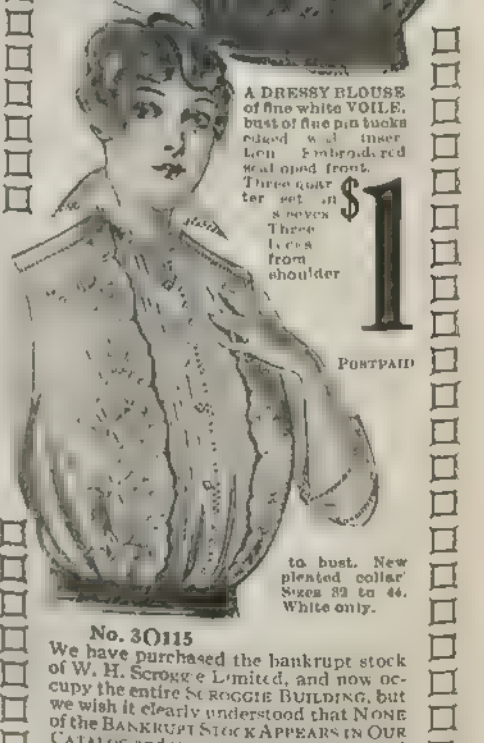
A BEAUTIFUL SILK MESSALINE BLOUSE, three quarter set in sleeves, new collar and cuffs edged with lace open front. Button trim. Colors: black, navy and Copenhagen. A stunning blouse for any occasion. Sizes 32 to 44

A DRESSY BLOUSE of fine white VOILE, bust of fine pin tucks edged with insertion. Embroidered scalloped front. Three quarter set in sleeves. Three tucks from shoulder to bust. New pleated collar. Sizes 32 to 44. White only. $1 POSTPAID
No. 3O115
We have purchased the bankrupt stock of W. H. Scroggie Limited, and now occupy the entire SCROGGIE BUILDING, but we wish it clearly understood that NONE of the BANKRUPT STOCK APPEARS IN OUR CATALOG and that every article described in our Catalog is absolutely NEW MERCHANDISE purchased especially for Spring trade.
Everything in our Catalog is brand new stock selected by us from leading manufacturers in the Dominion, or secured through our advantageous affiliation with the well known Scotch Syndicate and its branches in Manchester, England; Paris and New York, who buy direct from the world's greatest manufacturers at the lowest prices.
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43G Lombard Street, TORONTO, Ont.

Unusually Attractive Children's Costumes

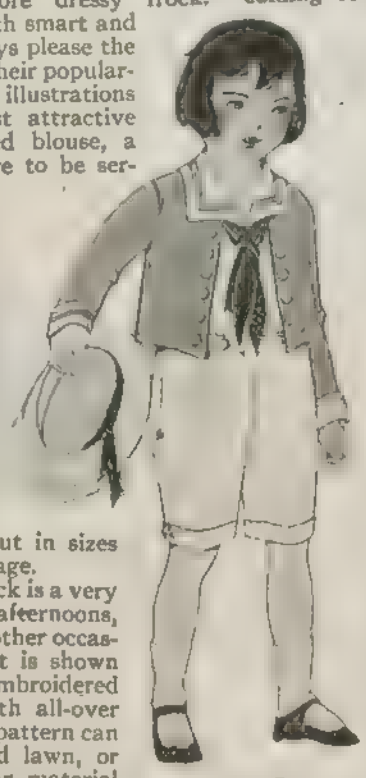
By MAY MANTON

No. 8594

No. 8549

No 8580

CHILDREN'S fashions show an element of the picturesque that is exceedingly charming and replete with interest. There has been something of a reaction against the severe styles for little boys and their costumes as well as the girls' give evidence of the tendency. Empire styles are always pretty and always becoming to little girls, and they are favorites for the more dressy frock. Middy costumes are both smart and practical and they always please the young wearer, so that their popularity is assured. In the illustrations are shown also a most attractive frock with long-waisted blouse, a little coat that it is sure to be serviceable during the Spring and an apron that means real service. The apron is just a plain one; it can be worn in place of the frock as well as over it and can be made from any simple washable material. For the 12-year size will be required 4⅜ yards of material 27 inches wide, or 3⅛ yards 36, with ⅝ yard for trimming. The pattern 8594 is cut in sizes from 8 to 14 years of age.



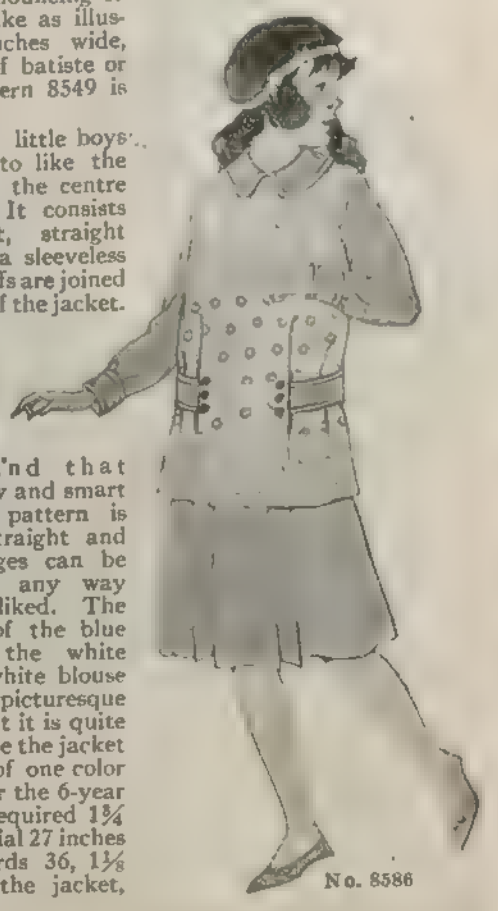
No. 8571

The little Empire frock is a very dainty one for summer afternoons, for parties or for any other occasions of the sort. As it is shown here it is made from embroidered flouncing combined with all-over material, but the same pattern can be used for a flowered lawn, or batiste or some similar material to become entirely changed in effect and quite suited to everyday occasions. For the 6-year size will be needed 1⅝ yards of flouncing 19 inches wide, ¾ yard of material 36, to make as illustrated or 2½ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2⅛ yards 36, 1¾ yards 44, to make of batiste or other material without border. The pattern 8549 is cut in sizes from 4 to 8 years.

Just such coats as 8582 are sure to be needed during the changeable Spring months. It is a very attractive, very becoming little garment, the box-plait giving the long lines that are always becoming to childrens' figures. For the 4 year size will be needed 2¾ yards of material 27 or 36 inches wide, 2⅛ yards 44, 2 yards 54. The pattern 8582 is cut in sizes from 2 to 6 years.

The middy-blouse costume tells its own story. The plaited skirt is joined to the body lining and the blouse is drawn on over the head. For the 6-year size will be required 2⅛ yards of material 27 inches wide, 1⅝ yards 36, 1½ yards 44, for the skirt, and trimming, 1½ yards 27, 1 yard 36 or 44 for the blouse, ⅛ yard 36 for the body lining. The pattern 8580 is cut in sizes from 4 to 8 years.

The frock for the older girl 8586 can be made just as it is here or with blouse cut out to form a low neck and closed over the shoulders in place of at the back. The sleeves can be sewed to the blouse or lining as preferred. The skirt is joined to the lining. For the 12 year size will be required 4⅜ yards of material 27 inches wide, 3⅞ yards 36, 2¼ yards 44, for the skirt, sleeves and trimming; 1⅜ yards 27 or 36 inches wide and 1 yard 44 inches wide, for the blouse.



No. 8586

No. 8582

Mothers of little boys will be sure to like the suit shown at the centre of the page. It consists of a jacket, straight trousers, and a sleeveless blouse; the cuffs are joined to the sleeves of the jacket. Here the trousers are trimmed with over-facings or cuffs as they are called and that finish is a new and smart one, but the pattern is simple and straight and the lower edges can be completed in any way that may be liked. The combination of the blue jacket with the white trousers and white blouse is eminently picturesque and pretty, but it is quite correct to make the jacket and trousers of one color or white. For the 6-year size will be required 1¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 1¼ yards 36, 1⅛ yards 44 for the jacket, and for the trousers will be required 1¼ yards, 27 or 36, and ⅞ yard 44 with ⅝ yard 36 for the blouse. The pattern 8571 is cut in sizes from 4 to 8 years.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 15c. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure, and address, Pattern Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

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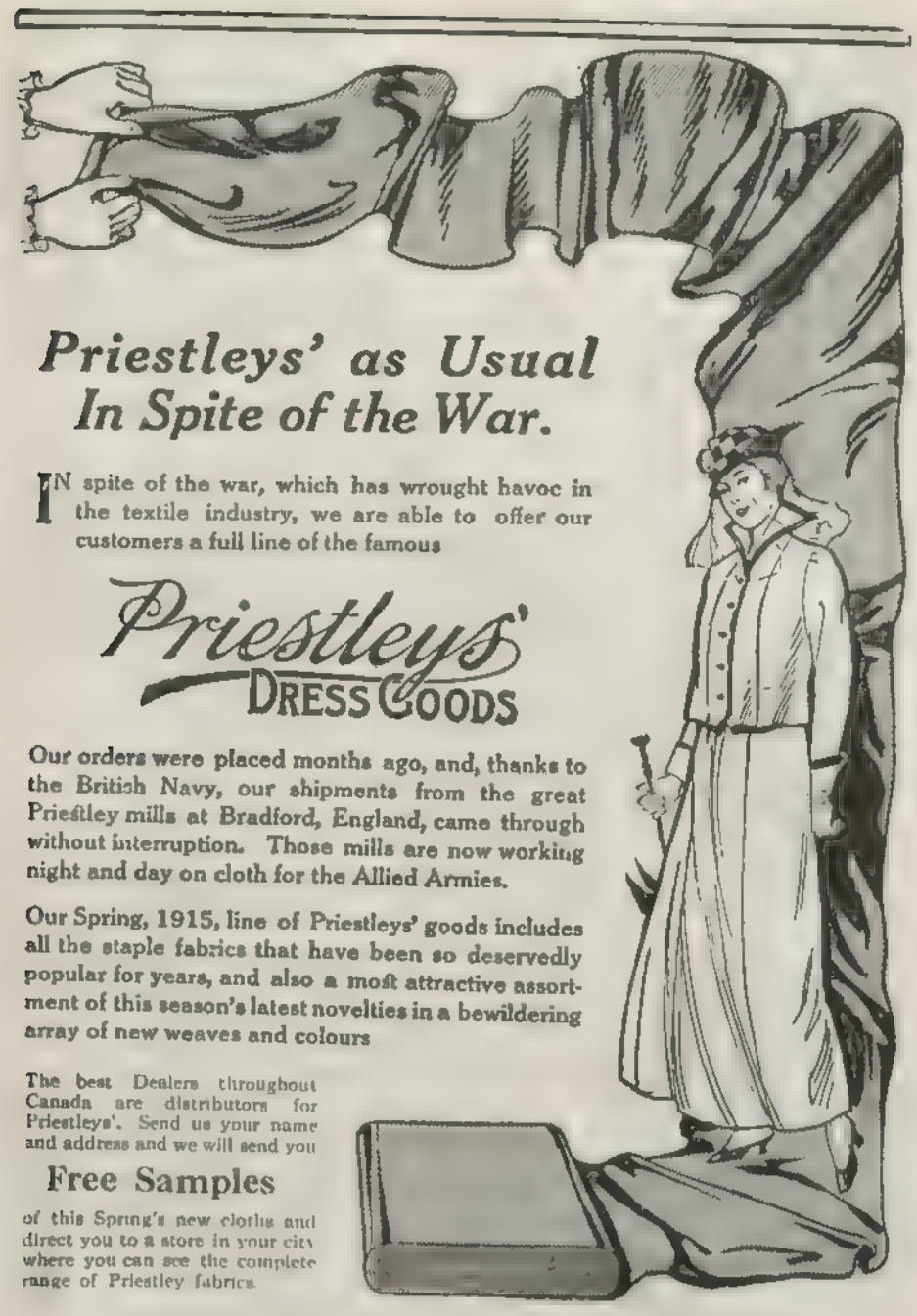

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The Sweet Heart of the Corn
116

Popular Embroidery Designs

By MAY MANTON

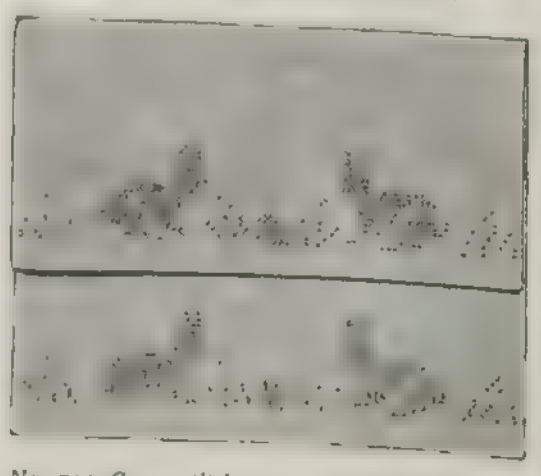
THE present is a season of needlework. Various causes have contributed to keep the supply of lace a limited one and designers are consequently employing embroidery, braid and all similar trimmings to finish the

No. 675 Night gown, stamped on very fine quality lingerie Nainsook with white mercerized floss to complete embroidery price $1.00

blouse, the gown and the hat as well as for other purposes. The raised or French work and the eyelet or English embroidery are equally correct and frequently designs show the two combined. The blouse that is illustrated on this page is a new and interesting one for it is absolutely simple yet dainty and the embroidery when worked is infinitely handsomer than in the photograph. Work of this kind is fashionable both for the dainty blouses of voile, fine cotton crepe, batiste and the like and for the heavier ones of lawn and linen. The child's hat that is illustrated is not alone attractive from the standpoint of embroidery, it also shows a new and becoming shape. It is very simple too, the linen being cut out and then laced together to form the brim and when unlaced, it lies flat so that it is extremely easy to launder. This design also can be done all in solid work or in solid and raised work in combination with the eyelet.

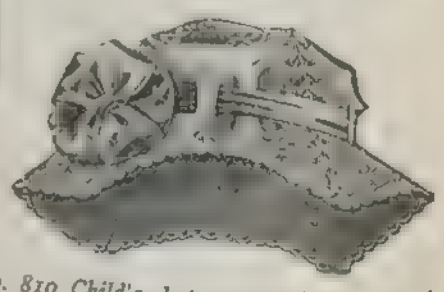
Cross stitch designs such as the one

No. 882 Shirt waist, collar and cuffs, stamped on finest grade soft Tussah silk or Linen lawn with mercerized floss to finish—price, Tussah silk—$1.60, Linen lawn.....$1.50



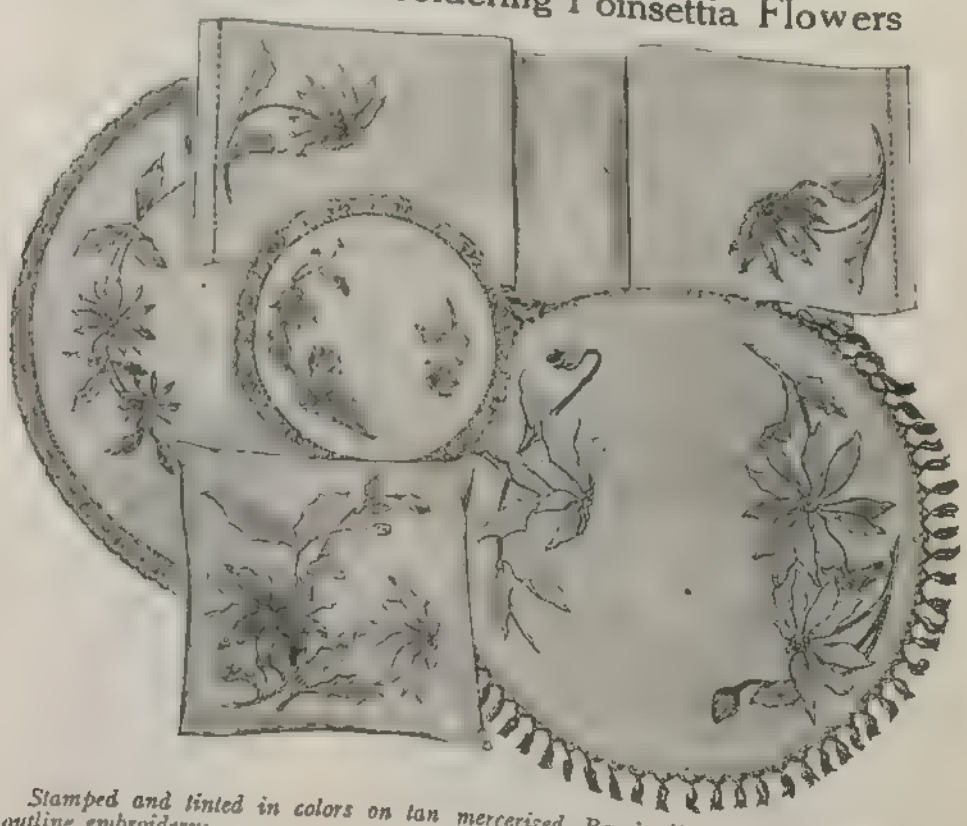
No. 723 Cross stitch guest towel size 18 x 24 inches. Stamped on pure linen huck with floss to complete.....50c

shown on (723) are appropriate for so many uses that it is difficult to enumerate them. In the illustration shown at the foot of the page, the designs are all adaptable; they can be worked in solid Kensington or in long and short stitch or in combination of the solid work with the long and short. Gray linen makes an excellent background and if the work is done in washable mercerized floss, it can be cleansed again and again.



No. 810 Child's hat, stamped on round thread linen with white mercerized floss to finish, price.....50c

Designs for Embroidering Poinsettia Flowers



Stamped and tinted in colors on tan mercerized Ramie linen and requiring only outline embroidery:—

No. 814 Scarf, 18 x 54 inches.....85c
No. 611 Pillow top and back, 22 inches square.....60c
No. 772 Centrepiece, size 36 inches.....90c
No. 823 Centrepiece size 27 inches.....75c
No. 833 Centrepiece, size 16 inches.....50c
or full set, price, $3.25 Prices include sufficient floss for outlining.

Patterns shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of price. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, and number of pattern wanted, address, Pattern Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

The Revived Shirt Waist And How To Make It

By MAY MANTON

THE simple, untrimmed, plain blouse is one of the best; it gives the high neck finish that makes an important feature of prevailing fashions and gives the long sleeves with the new turned-over cuffs, while at the same time, these sleeves can be cut off and made shorter for real warm weather. The collar is of the turned-over sort and the band beneath is full length, but the over-portion can be either cut full length with the ends meeting at the front or a little shorter to allow for adjusting a ribbon or some similar finish over the neck band and under the ends of the over-portion. Suitable materials are many, but crepe de chine, handkerchief linen, cotton crepe, voile and rice cloth are the favorites. Pongee will be used for travelling and for many occasions and many women like the washable silk crepe that is a little heavier than crepe de chine, and there is also a taffeta that is much liked for the purpose. Whatever the material, however, the process of making is always the same.

First, lay the pattern out carefully on the material, and make sure that you follow the directions on the envelope. Mark all round it with a tracer or with a crayon and cut outside of this line for your seams, allowing as great width as the special material will require. For lawn, crepe de chine, pongee and the like, three-eighths of an inch should be sufficient, but for voile and other materials that are apt to fray, a little more width will be advisable. It will be well to line yoke, collar and the cuffs with the same, and if you lay your pattern out carefully on the material, you will be able to cut these linings out from what otherwise would be waste, but take care to cut as carefully as the outside, with the indication for the straight of the material faithfully followed.

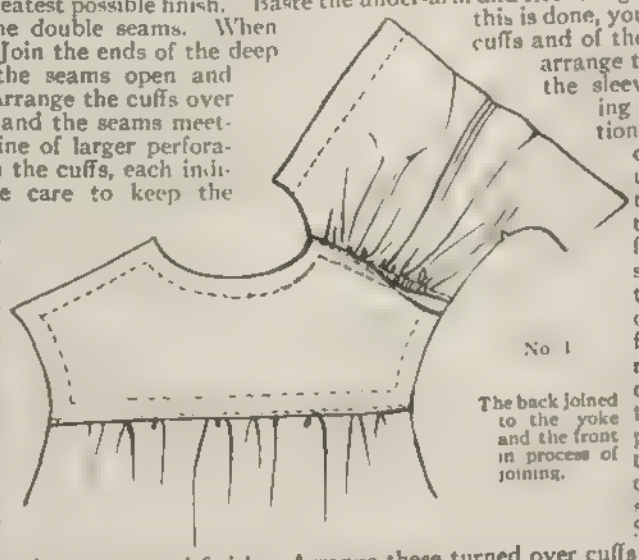
No. 8500

Sizes 34 to 42

A Good Tailored Shirt Price of Pattern 15c.

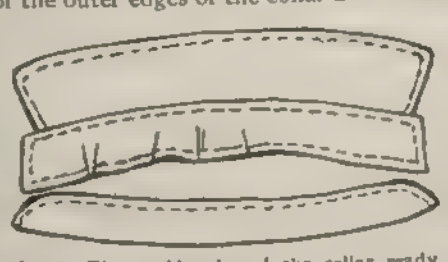
After having cut out your waist, fold all the portions of the collar and cuffs together and each larger piece separately and lay them aside neatly. Then as a first step, turn the front edges under on the line of smaller perforations and stitch the hems. Gather the back across the upper edge between the double crosses, then lay the outside of the yoke over the back, the right sides together, and the lower edge of the yoke meeting the upper edge of the waist. Baste carefully, distributing the gathers evenly, then baste the lining over the under side of the back in exactly the same way. Stitch the seam, taking care to follow the marked outline of the pattern, then turn two portions of the yoke up with the seam between them, then baste the yoke and the lining together, well within the edges, but with the edges meeting. Gather the fronts at their upper edges between the double crosses and join to the shoulder edges of the lining yoke; turn the seams up and fell the shoulder edges of the outside yoke over the seams, turning the seam allowance under to make a firm edge. In diagram No. 1, you will see this part of the work in progress and the back already in place. Make the finish by stitching on the outside close to the edges of the yoke at front and at back.

Next, you must sew the sleeves to the arm-hole edges, for they are what is known as set-in sleeves and must be joined in this way before the under-arm seams are sewed up. Baste the sleeves carefully to the waist, meeting the edges, the notches and the large perforations exactly. Sew first on the right side with a very narrow seam, then turn and stitch again on the wrong side, making the second stitching on the marked outline of your pattern and taking up just the seam allowance, for it makes what is known as a French seam and the neatest possible finish. Baste the under-arm and sleeve edges together and again make the double seams. When this is done, you will be ready for the cuffs. Join the ends of the deep cuffs and of the lining separately; press the seams open and arrange the lining over the outside. Arrange the cuffs over the sleeves, the right sides together and the seams meeting and remember that the line of larger perforations in the sleeve and the one in the cuffs, each indicate the upper part and take care to keep the upper parts together. Baste to the outside of the cuffs to the sleeves, taking up the full seam allowance, then the lining over stitch and fell the seams. Turn the cuffs down and you will be ready for the over-portions. Arrange the lining over the outsides with the right sides together, pin or baste into place and stitch around the ends and edges, then turn on the outer seams and baste again. Stitch around all the edges for the ornamental finish. Arrange these turned over cuffs over the deep cuffs, with the line of large perforations in each at the seam and the notches meeting. Stitch both edges of the turned-over cuffs to the outer portions of the deep cuffs. Turn the seams up and fell the lining of the deep cuffs into place over the seams, and you will get a perfectly neat as well as strong finish. Seam the curved edges of the lining and of the neck band together, then turn and baste. Turn the seam allowance of the neck edges of the band under, then slip the neck edge of the blouse between the two thicknesses with the centre backs and the front edges exactly meeting. Baste carefully and stitch. Join the ends of the outer edges of the collar and of the lining, turn and stitch. Join the ends of the collar-band and of the lining and turn, then turn the seam allowance of both long edges under and baste into place. Slip the over-portion of the collar between the two thicknesses to the depth of the seam allowance, with the centre backs and the notches exactly meeting, and stitch. Baste as indicated in the diagram, then stitch close to the edge and stitch all around the remaining edges of the band for a finish. Sew a button on the neck-band at the centre back and sew one near the front edges of the perforations, then work button-holes on the collar band to match these buttons, or work button-holes in the neck band as well as in the collar band and use studs in place of the buttons. Lap the hems on the fronts with the large perforations meeting. Make button-holes through the hem on the right front and sew buttons on the hem on the left front. Gather the blouse on the perforations at the waist line, then slip it on the wearer and pin tape around the figure and adjust the gathers becomingly. Pin into place. Then after removing the waist from the figure, baste and stitch. If you desire to make the collar as it is on the figure, with the over-portion open, it is necessary only to cut the pattern off on the line of perforations before placing on the goods and then follow the directions exactly. For the shorter sleeves, cut over facings or simulated cuffs of the material of any width that you may like, join the ends and seam to the sleeves with the seams on the right side, the seams of the sleeves and the seams of the cuffs meeting. Turn up over the seams, turn the seam allowance on the upper edges under and stitch into place.

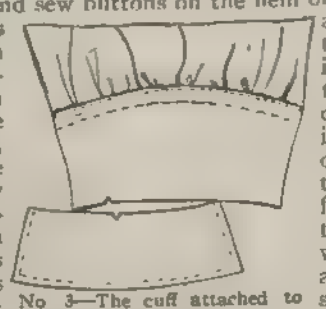


No 1

The back joined to the yoke and the front in process of joining.



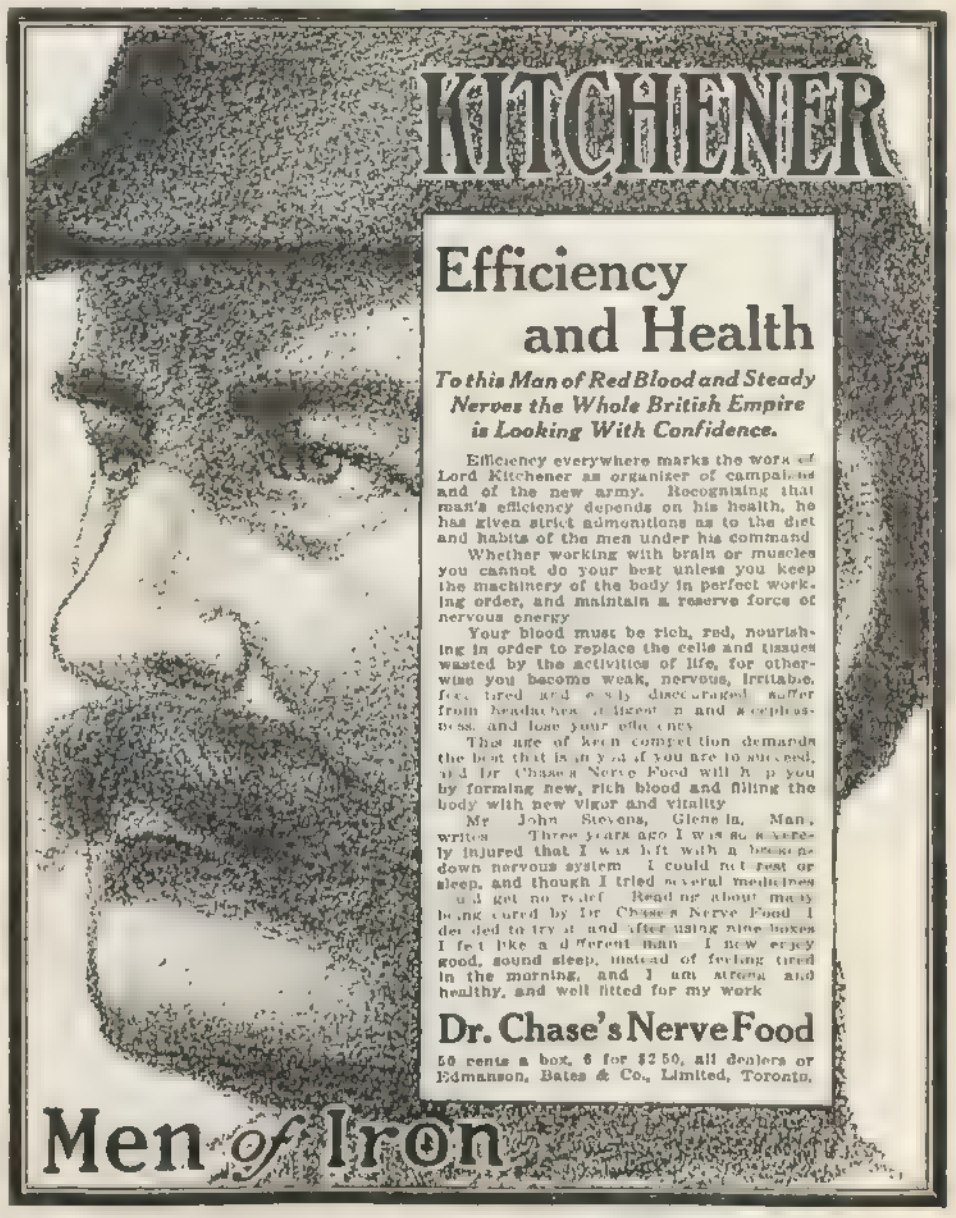
No. 2—The neckband and the collar ready to be attached.



No 3—The cuff attached to the sleeve and the turn-over portion in position.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 36 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of price. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure, and address, Pattern Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.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YOU MUST MEET THEM

A Friendly Talk to the Girl Who Loves Beauty

By SARAH CANTWELL SMITH M. A.

EVERY girl in the world wants to be beautiful. When I was a child this was a truth that had not yet been recognized, or if so the desire was thought to be a sure sign of that worldly vanity, which was not to be encouraged. I remember quite well that when I was a very little girl the prevalent style of wearing the hair was to have it cut short over the forehead in a row of "bangs," and my mother not approving of this rather peculiar method of hair dressing, persistently refused my pleadings to wear my hair like other girls, so one day I surreptitiously cut my all too scanty locks into the much coveted bangs, then willingly listened to the sermon on vanity which followed,—willing to undergo the lecture through the belief that I had greatly added to my charms. Our elders thought that we should be satisfied with being good, but even at that early age having someone say of you "Madeline is such a pretty girl" is somehow more satisfying than being known as "such a good child." Nor do I think it half so likely to make egotistical prigs of us all. To take pride in one's own pretty looks is at the most only amusing and rather human withal, while to believe overmuch in one's own goodness, is insufferable even in a child.

So when a distressed maiden writes me, "But I'm so homely, tell me how to be pretty or at least how to make the best of the few good points I have,"—I know she is not desiring beauty that she can look in the glass at herself, but because she recognizes that it is a way of influencing others, and of producing an effect on other lives. She knows as each one of the rest of us knows that beauty is power.

"For 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty, shall be first in might."

Every girl has the obligation laid on her to be as beautiful as she can possibly be and there is little excuse for not being beautiful if one wants to be, and still less for not wanting to be. Not only is it the prerogative of youth, but it should be maintained through a long life, and can be and will be if we do our work well, live much in God's fresh air and sunshine and only trust Him enough for the unknown future years, and above all do not worry, for worry eats into beauty and ravages health and no young girl ought to fall under its terrible sway.

Beauty, however, is not a thing that can be definitely described—a pretty girl to me may not be an especially pretty girl to you at all. As the ages come and go there have always been changing ideas of beauty. In that first early breath of poesy, when the blind Homer sang, he recognized that fact, so his Helen of Troy will stand forever as the most beautiful of women, for he gave not one single detail to describe her. Whether she had dark hair or fair, was tall and queenly, or slight and vivacious is left to the individual imagination. The fullest description of her beauty is where the aged men of Troy are sitting at the city gate, watching the battle, which ends so disastrously for their city; and they remark the one to the other, "What little wonder it is that nations fight and men forget home and country for a woman of so wondrous a beauty and so like to the divine, in form and face." Thus as the different conceptions of the ages come and go, she fits into them all, and is forever quoted as the most beautiful woman in the world.

Today the fragile and delicate beauty of our grandmother's time is not considered a pretty girl at all,—clear eyes, bright cheeks ausd a healthy body are chief essentials, and even in the years that are past this frail and delicate creature was more often a heroine of the sentimental tale than of reality, or even of the best fiction. Scott's heroines possessed an endurance and strength that could undergo many a hardship. Tennyson's Enid followed the wrathful Geraint over many a rough mile of hill and valley; a journey that would weary out most of our athletic girls today. Nor can we imagine the dark eyed Rebekah or the loyal Ruth of the Old Testament as fragile and delicate, rather are they pictured as radiant with health and strength and buoyant vigor.

One essential, then, in attaining beauty is to strive after health. Today, the girl who would be called "such a pretty girl" must not be afraid to climb the highest hills or face the ocean breezes, she must needs have the spotless skin and the clear eyes which show that she cares for her body in such a way as to make it the fit home for her soul.

"The sun's warm kiss is on her cheek,
She walks with buoyant step and free;
Her every look and motion speak
Of strength and health and liberty."

This health and strength do not, however, mean a mere athletic prowess. Tanned arms and the general air of a hoyden are not elementary factors in robust health. To be strong does not mean that you must have something mannish about you, to the detriment of the womanly graces. To-day as always the really beautiful girl will have about her the infinitely appealing grace of womanhood.

Four of the chief requirements for beauty, then, are the requirements of a wholesome life: plenty of sleep; plenty of exercise; plenty of food and plenty of fresh air, and each of these taken with regularity. This is the reason that the college girl even after a year of hard study is often so much better than her sister at home, or the one who works. The inexorable rule of all lights out at ten, works wonders and the regularity of her meals and exercises builds up her body at the same time she is in training her mind.

The girl who works in shop or factory, and, summer or winter, goes forth in the early dawn to that labor which makes life easier for the rest of us, often finds it a much more difficult problem, than the sheltered daughter in the home, to maintain that health and strength, which is essential to a lasting beauty of either face or spirit, yet she, also, has the advantage of regularity if she will but sacrifice non-essentials and keep good hours, and she has the joy of a useful life which is in itself a beautifier, for daily work, however monotonous, is not half so monotonous as having nothing whatever to do. The working girl, however, loses more than she dreams when she prolongs her evenings into the small hours of the night in amusement or even in housework or the making of a fancy waist. Let her, instead, spend as much time as possible in the open air, and take walks under the stars if a daily walk in the sunshine is denied her.

If our girls would spend the money on fresh fruit that they yearly spend for candy, and for the often harmful sodas; would drink plenty of fresh water and rest for even five minutes when they find themselves bodily weary, they would find themselves free from that lassitude and those nervous headaches which are the insidious enemies of beauty. Above all, *think* health and *think* beauty, for what we think we bring to ourselves and it is true of body as well as mind that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Then there are some general rules that will help you to look always at your best.

The absolute cleanliness which comes only from the daily bath should be as irrevocable as the famous law of the Medes and Persians, but the cold bath, while so beneficial to many is a detriment in some cases, and should never be indulged in unless followed by an exhilarating reaction or glow, otherwise a tepid bath from sixty-five to eighty degrees Fahrenheit is better and a hot bath taken at night will in many cases relieve fatigue and induce sleep.

For the face a delicate toilet soap should be chosen and used once a day preferably just before retiring at night and should invariably be rinsed off well in tepid then in cold water. In fact water as cold as can be procured is the best thing I know for toning up the complexion and keeping the face muscles firm and fine, while rubbing the face over three or four times a week with a piece of ice after a face wash is most beneficial in its results. Alcohol is a good cleanser and astringent also but one must be careful in its use to avoid the eyes.

The care of the hair is very important.

But while care for the health is indispensable and care given to details requisite in helping any girl live up to her prerogative of the highest beauty, there is another element which goes far ahead of either in making any one beautiful, and that is beauty of the spirit.

The adage that "beauty is but skin deep," has long ago been proven untrue, for beauty, even real beauty of countenance, is soul deep and spirit deep. This beauty of patience and gentleness and service and sympathy is not only the true and genuine beauty but the beauty, too, that has lasting power behind it, without which inner beauty the mere prettiness of a youthful face soon passes away; it is also the beauty which every one of us may attain. A beautiful thought, a little deed of kindness every day, and we grow beautiful of face and spirit as the hours roll round for as Emerson tells us "there is no beautifier of complexion or form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy and not pain about us."

By and About Women

A Woman's Living

THE wife who accepts a life-long support in exchange for her potential motherhood, or for the few years of her life given to the bearing and rearing of one or two children is an in ignoble position, and one that self-respecting women are beginning to find uneasy. The tradition evidently still exists that a woman has sufficient work in the modern home. This is not so—or, when it is, it is because of our stupidity in not simplifying the mechanics of living. More and more must we demand that women be freed from unnecessary drudgery, and from the enervating influences of support in return for sex, in marriage or out of it.—*Florence Kiper.*

* * *

Are Prominent People Happy?

Even the children get very tired of playing, "Let's Pretend," unless they have at least a paper crown and a gay tablecloth, when they would represent kings and queens. Nothing is more difficult than to assume a virtue convincingly if we have it not, as the impatient and undisciplined mind realises when nothing can be done but to wait very quietly. Never to come down from the pinnacle of superiority on which an individual has placed himself or herself must be exceedingly uncomfortable, and there must often be times when such would feel much happier among the crowd below. But unless the pinnacle is a safe and secure one, there is always the danger that it will be knocked down, and the fall would be, at least, humiliating.—*Barien King.*

* * *

A Marvellous Array of Cooking Utensils

The average French housekeeper would be shocked at the one-iron-pan-one milk-pan-and-a-baking-tin standard of so many English kitchens. However poorly her house may be furnished, she insists on a marvellous array of cooking utensils, all kept in a state of scrupulous cleanliness, outside as well as in, that would astonish many an Englishwoman priding herself on a well-appointed kitchen. Yet each of these utensils has its use, and woe betide the person who put to any other purpose the pan reserved for sauces, or attempted to cook an omelette in any pan but its own!—*Evelyn Conan.*

* * *

The Love That Is True

True love is the purest thing known. It is purer than any form of celibacy, coldness or indifference. Pure in itself, it makes pure whatever it touches.—*Mrs. Klickman.*

* * *

We Should Do Things Right

Mother Earth tries a thing over and over until she gets it right. She does not criticise—she creates. And so it ought to be with her most wonderful creation—the human being.—*G. H. Stoddart.*

In Enchanted Lands

When the world around us is full of trouble, what a relief it is to our tired minds to leave its sorrow and sighing for awhile, and wander in the Enchanted Land of fiction! One shelf of your little library must certainly be kept for masterpieces in this direction. The works of Charlotte Bronte, Mrs. Gaskell, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Bulwer Lytton, and Scott are at our disposal for twenty-five cents each, with countless other classics, and modern novels of the best.—*Grace Morin.*

* * *

The Future

Never before has woman's altruistic feeling flowed as in these days of unspeakable suffering; added to this, women have given abundant proof of their capacity for organization. It may be that as social work opened a vision for a new social regime, so will the Red Cross service lead women, especially to recognize the folly of war. For can a greater folly be perpetrated than that of nursing the wounded back to health only to rush them back to the battlefield to be shot and wounded? Is it not possible that women may find another way?

When womanly compassion becomes welded together and manifests itself in rational thought, then, and then only, shall the hand of woman grasp the tiller in the events of the world. Then shall they expect and demand a voice in deciding those questions in which their sons are vitally concerned. Then shall these weak words of mine be translated into a mighty thunder which shall move the people: We women want to bring to this earth a paradise of peace to replace this hell of war. —*Ellen Keys*

* * *

The Burden of War

"In the final analysis the burden of war always falls on the women. It is they who carry the cross, and it is only just that they should have some voice in the government which declares a war in which they are the real sufferers. To-day we are learning that women are of other use in the world aside from being mothers, and we are also learning that the average woman is just as intelligent as the average man, possibly a little more so."

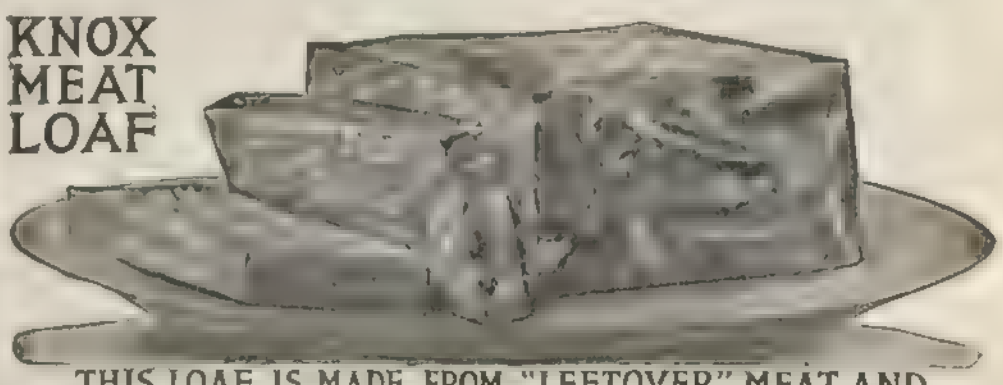
—*Irvin S. Cobb.*

* * *

To Reside in the Country A Blessing

In the country is constant action. The continuing miracles of the seasons with their crops and blooms, and all the lovely appeal to the best within human appreciation weave themselves into the lives of the country people, and invite the weary city dwellers to think of the time when they may have their own gardens, raise their own fruits and vegetables and be away from the sounds of striving and the roar of the streets.—*Louise Hagan.*

For Toilet and Bath
Fairy Soap is the whitest and purest soap for toilet and bath use that choice materials and expert soap-making skill can produce.
FAIRY SOAP
gives a rich, creamy lather that is most soothing, agreeable and refreshing. The oval cake fits the hand; Fairy Soap floats. With all its purity, convenience and pleasing qualities, Fairy Soap is inexpensive.
"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"
FAIRBANK



THIS LOAF IS MADE FROM "LEFTOVER" MEAT AND

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add 1 onion, grated, and stalk of celery to 1 pint rich stock, well seasoned, and after boiling a few minutes, strain and pour over the softened gelatine. Add juice of a lemon, and when the jelly is beginning to set, mould in 2 cups cooked and chopped veal, chicken or other meats. Slice and serve on platter.

Yellow Package

Send for FREE Recipe Book

It contains many economical Dessert, Jelly, Salad, and Pudding Recipes. It is free for your grocer's name. Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and your grocer's name.

CHAS. B. KNOX COMPANY, 505 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

Packed in Johnstown, N.Y., and Montreal, P.Q.

Blue Package

MAPLE LEAF CASH PRIZES

$20.00 to Senders of Letters and an Extra $5.00 to the Sender of Best Letter Telling Experience of a Day's Shopping.

WHAT do you know and what do you care to say about each of the twenty Made in Canada products as named in the maple leaves on our cover inside back cover this month?

We are going to give another big prize of $10.00—your choice of $10.00 worth of goods selected from those advertisements from this issue of Everywoman's World, to the sender of the best letter in answer to the following questions. Then we will give $5.00 in cash or goods, to the sender of the second best answer, and we will give twenty-five (25) lucky Blue-Bird Sterling Silver rings (emblems of happiness) to the senders of the next 25 best letters.

1st.—State briefly just what you know about each of these twenty articles as advertised on the inside back cover of Everywoman's World this month.

2nd.—State in each case whether or not you use the article or, if not, if you would like to have one or more of them, and please state why. Mention if there is some other article that you use, or like better, in any case.

AN EXTRA $5.00 PRIZE.

To the reader of Everywoman's World who in addition to answering the foregoing questions, will send the best short letter relating an experience while shopping for Made-in-Canada goods and stating why she is buying Made-in-Canada products in preference to others we will award $5.00 cash.

Will you try? Your letter will help us and help and encourage Canadian manufacturers, and in addition to the prize you may win you will be doing something worthy to help make a better Canada and better things for all Canadians.

Let us hear from you now while you are thinking about this question. Address your letters to THE MAPLE LEAF DIVISION, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, TORONTO.

WHAT IS IT?

$20.00 for Best Answers.

"Poultry Life Insurance Free."
"And in every knapsack rests a box."
"There is a remarkable difference in gloves"
"Big Value catalog."
"Make endurance the chief standard."
"Free running."
"It is a dust absorber and a germ killer,"
"At less than they were ever sold before"
"Sold by reputable dealers everywhere."
"The whole British Empire is looking."

You will find the above phrases in the advertisements in this issue of Everywoman's World. Can you locate them?

The phrases in quotation marks are the exact statements of advertisers and are contained somewhere in some advertisement in this issue.

Name the articles, or the firms that are spoken about by these phrases and tell us something, if you can, about the goods they advertise. Tell us also, in a few words, if you have used them, if any of your friends have used them, or if you intend using them, and just what your present opinion is of them. Of course, mention each article or each firm separately.

For the correct or nearest correct and best answers received, we will award the following prizes.—1st, your choice of $8.00 cash or $10.00 in goods to be chosen from the advertisements in this issue. 2nd prize, $3.00, 3rd prize, $2.00 and (7) additional prizes, seven boxes of handsome French, gold embossed initial stationery (your own initial.) These will greatly please the lucky winners.

Address your answers to Miss Mildred Moffat Office No. 22. Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont. Send your answers soon, so as to be in time to be judged and announced in Everywoman's World's next issue.

Grand Baseball Outfit
Given to Boys

FREE BOYS, don't pay $5.00 to $10.00 for a baseball outfit. Here is your 1915 National League style outfit—the complete equipment for playing every position on the team and you can get it absolutely free. It contains the famous big league solid leather fielders glove; a Jim Jam's first baseman's mitt and a new style "set stops" decker, both the same as big league players use. They're beauties. Then you get a new league steel catchers' mask, a stronely sewn full sized baseball and three snappy pair of baseball shoes for every boy who earns an outfit. Get this outfit boys, and you'll be the pride of the team.

Just write to-day for 32 of our magnificent Beauty Pin Sets to sell among your friends at only 10c. per set. They just sell like hot cakes. Just think—9 lovely engraved gold finished Beauty Pins on a nice card for only 10c. Most ladies buy half a dozen sets the minute you show them. You'll sell these few minutes to no time.

Return our $3.20 when the Pins are sold and we'll promptly send you, all charges paid, the complete baseball outfit just as you see it, and the dandy rubber soled baseball shoes, guaranteed to fit and give satisfaction, are yours too, if you will show your grand baseball outfit to your friends and get only three of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. Get busy and write us quick, boys. Be the first to own the grandest baseball outfit in your town. Address:

THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. B 44 TORONTO, ONTARIO

A FAMILY REMEDY FOR MANY YEARS

Used "Fruit-a-tives" With The Best of Results

GEORGE McKAY, Esq.

KIPPEN, ONT., June 17th, 1913.

"I have been using "Fruit-a-tives" as a family remedy for many years. They are the best medicine I have ever tried. "Fruit-a-tives" do me the most good—they never gripe and their action is pleasant.

"I have used them for Indigestion and Constipation with the best results, and I heartily recommend them to anyone similarly afflicted.

These troubles have left me completely and I give "Fruit-a-tives" full credit for all this. A nicer pill a man cannot take."

GEORGE McKAY.

The enormous demand for "Fruit-a-tives" is steadily increasing, due to the fact that this wonderful fruit medicine gives prompt relief in all cases of Indigestion, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Rheumatism, Chronic Headaches, and Neuralgia, and all Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. Sold by all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

That Soiled Old Hat!

Why throw away last season's old shape when you can so easily clean it up and make it look as good as when new?

Send 4c for free sample of our Bull Dog Hat Cleaner—sufficient to clean and brighten one hat. We will also send you a liberal sample of our Bull Dog Shampoo Soap.

Large Bottle of Bull Dog Hat Cleaner - 25c
Large Bottle of Bull Dog Shampoo Soap 25c

Bull Dog Hat Cleaner is the same as used by straw and panama hat manufacturers, and is a very effective cleaner. Look for the Trade Mark.

We Clean Up Everything

Special Offer: For a limited time only, we will send you a Beautiful Silver War Souvenir Spoon on receipt of only 5 coupons, from Bull Dog packages and 4c in stamps to cover mailing. Send to day.

JOHN B. PAINE CO., Limited
65 Pearl Street - - Toronto, Ont.

If you are making less than $50 a week you should write us to-day. We can help you to wealth and independence by our plan you can work when you please, where you please, always have money and the means of making plenty more of it.

JUST LISTEN TO THIS. One man started from San Francisco and traveled to New York. He stayed at the best hotels, lived like a lord wherever he went and cleaned up more than $10.00 every day he was out. Another man worked the fairs and summer resorts, and when there was nothing special to do, just started out on any street he happened to select, got busy and took in $8.00 a day for month after month. This interests you, don't it?

MY PROPOSITION

Is a WONDERFUL NEW CAMERA with which you can take and instantaneously develop pictures on paper Post Cards and Tintypes. Every picture is developed without the use of films or negatives, and is ready almost instantly to deliver to your customer. THIS REMARKABLE INVENTION takes 100 pictures an hour and gives you a profit from 500 to 1500 per cent. Everybody wants pictures and each sale you make advertises your business and makes more sales for you. Simple instructions accompany each outfit, and you can begin to make money the same day the outfit reaches you.

WE TRUST YOU

So much confidence have we in our proposition that we will send this complete outfit consisting of Camera Tripod prepared developer, and materials for making 150 pictures upon receipt of a very small deposit. The supplies for making 250 pictures are FREE WITH THE OUTFIT. Just think of the profitable returns for you in selling these pictures at 10 to 25 cents apiece. The profits are so big in this business that every day you put off sending for this outfit means just so much money out of your pocket.

If you are making less than $60 a week do not delay a minute but write us to-day for our Free Catalog, and full Particulars.

J. B. Ferris, Mgr., 70 Lombard St., Dept. 407 Toronto

The Suburban Housekeeper

Strawberries in Your Door-Yard

By MRS. JANE FORSYTH

FOR years we have raised all the strawberries required for a family of four on a plot of ground 24 by 20 feet in our back yard. This plot is divided into two beds of the same size and one of them is planted with strawberry plants each year.

The bed that was set out in the spring of 1914 will be the main bearing bed for 1915, though the plants set out this spring will also have some fruit upon them. This summer after the fruit has been removed from the 1914 bed it will be dug up, the ground prepared and planted to potatoes, late cabbage or turnip, which ever we choose, and if the season is good the crop will be good.

Plants with which to set out the new bed are taken from the old, in the spring. They then have a long growing season and we find that we get a better and larger crop of berries the following season by planting in the spring.

The plants that are set out this spring will have their principal fruiting season next year, but some blossoms will appear this summer and some fruit but it is generally best to pinch off these blossoms and conserve the strength of the plant for the greater production of bloom and fruitage next year.

Every three years we purchase new plants from a reliable dealer for we have found that ours deteriorate in that time.

We have also tried keeping, say bed 1914, for two fruiting seasons, but the crop is light and the berries small. It is much better to plant each year. Weeds are better kept down; plants have more room and do not get so thick in the rows.

PREPARATION OF BED

The soil is black loam, well drained, but any soil that will grow root crops is good for strawberries. The ground is thoroughly worked and made clear of weeds. For fertilizers we use hen manure (we keep a dozen hens). This supplies the Nitrogen so essential as a plant stimulant promoting leafage and the setting of fruit. Potash is obtained in the wood ash from the furnace. Its use is to increase the quality and yield of fruit. We apply the fertilizers early in the spring before it is time to plant and this insures thorough incorporation with the soil before it is time to set the plants.

THE PLANTS

In preparing the plants the large leaves are cut off, only one or two of the strongest being allowed to a plant. If too many leaves are left on a plant it gives out its moisture rapidly, soon dries out and dies before it is able to establish itself. Long roots and about one-third of the root spread should also be cut off before setting. We set the plants 2 feet apart in hills and keep all the flowers pinched off the first year. The second year the plants run together.

VARIETY USED

We have found the Wilson, a roundish shaped, medium sized berry, juicy, of good red color, early, a good yielder and strong grower sending out but few runners, to be best suited for the purpose though it rusts considerably.

It is a berry that will give a fairly good crop even when abused. We are able to gather from 3 to 5 and 6 and more quarts a day. Enough to eat and some for the neighbors.

There are scores of varieties, both early and late, that might suit some cases better than the one we use, but we have found none better than the Wilson.—*L.B.*

Children's Lunches

I am not so far removed from the time when I carried a lunch-box not to have some some ideas on the subject, and since that time have had ample opportunity to note the contents of the average child's dinner-pail.

Greater simplicity seems to me the desideratum—less cake and pie, more of the substantials—a small bit of meat or cheese or a hard boiled egg (cook 30 minutes and it becomes deliciously tender) is a much coveted addition to good bread and butter and in the country where fresh eggs can be had nearly the year around, they should hold a big place in the average child's lunch.

Eggs have been analyzed and found to contain a chemical known as lecithin—one egg having as much as 16 grains of this substance, hence just one egg eaten a day will give tone, vitality and activity to the brain and nerves. This will make man "100 per cent Efficient."

Never be guilty of putting a soft boiled egg into a lunch pail. It is unhandy to eat, defiles the person and hands and disgusts the eater. Enjoy eggs cooked in this fashion in the home.

I believe many pupils do not do satisfactory school work because mentally starved. They eat enough of course but their diet is hit and miss and their meals are often lacking in the very things most needed to vitalize the mental forces.

Anyone that carries a lunch is eating under great disadvantages. The food is cold. This of itself is a hindrance to digestion and takes much of the body heat. Then the eating is accomplished as speedily as possible, hence the mastication suffers and that means more work for the stomach and this affects the nerves.

Let those who put up the lunch see that it is given a neat and dainty appearance. Children like it. Adults enjoy it. Occasionally let the child find a handful of shelled nuts (walnuts, almonds and chestnuts) or fat raisins, currants or a few bits of rock candy; a toffy or a caramel stowed away in some corner of the box. It will prove a delightful "find" to the youngsters. Encourage them to eat these after their other food. The old fashoined Nut Cake or Doughnut that used to be common in the old families is a good cake for the lunchbox.

Then teach the children not to bolt their food. Reward them, in some way that will readily suggest itself to the judicious parent, for taking a long time to eat.—*Mrs. B.D.D. Hamilton.*

Business Training Which is Needed by Women

One of the most important things in which the average woman is woefully remiss is in the prompt payment of little accounts. The woman of the nation, as a whole, is honest and upright through and through and it is largely the fault of her training, or rather the lack of it that makes her act as she does in many cases.

Given a large debt to pay, and it will be met promptly and in full in nine cases out of ten; it is in the small accounts that the trouble lies. And here, there is not the slightest intent to cause inconvenience, on the part of the creditor, much less to defraud. It is principally that the women do not know exactly what it means to many a creditor to have to wait long for his money—together with a proportion of "I didn't think." But all this does not help the man who needs the money, and a lot of little accounts unpaid always make a big sum.

What the delays in payment, prompted by no desire to save interest at the expense of the struggling tradesman, but only by idle procrastination, really mean to the commerce of the country, no statistics will ever show. That tradesmen are not willingly "disobliging" when they are compelled to refuse further credit and that they are often driven to choose between losing a customer entirely or taking her trade at a loss for months on a capital not equal to the pressing demand made on it, are two facts which all women buyers should remember. Prompt and accurate payments on the part of those customers who can perfectly afford it would save many a failure and a consequent life disappointment for the small merchant.

Another feature in which many women need a business training is in the payment of loans. Women are rarely large borrowers (except those in business and business recognizes no sex), but where they are, the obligation is promptly met. As in the payment of little accounts, so it is in the payment of small loans that they fall below the male standard.

There are many small loans made by one woman to another with the expectation of repayment, which are never heard of again, after the money is received. It is sometimes the woman of real wealth who forgets in her plenty that 50 cents is ever worth a second thought; but in these days women of financial standing have almost all received some training in the care of money. This is rarely the case with the very poor, to whom the loss of five cents is a serious matter.

And as such transactions do affect every one concerned, women should ask themselves seriously, what is their attitude in such things, and if it be not right, correct it in fairness not only to others, but most of all to herself.

Announcement!

COMMENCING with the September 1915 Issue the price of Everywoman's World by subscription will be $1.00 per year, postage paid. Single copies will remain as before at 10c.

Everywoman's World has been recently greatly enlarged and improved and our readers have had the advantage of value greatly beyond the present exceptionally low subscription price. Succeeding issues will introduce many new and excellent departments that have been generally asked for by our readers.

Until September 1st, 1915 subscriptions and renewals may still be forwarded at the present very low rate.

1 year by mail, postage paid 75c
2 years by mail, postage paid . . . $1.50

Continental Publishing Co.
Limited
TORONTO, ONT.

Dry Your Clothes This Way

Hang your clothes in the air, or dry them indoors this new way.

GET IT. Your clothes line is quickly strung and quickly taken down. It means a line strung only when you need it. Just a simple quick adjustment of the Saturn Reel and you are ready to hang your clothes without props, or trouble from a dusty line.

Hang the Saturn on any nail anywhere and attach the two rings to any nails or hooks. When you are through wind up and put away. Once used, a necessity in any household. Forty feet of strong line in the reel will hold 250 pounds. The Reel itself is strongly made aluminium and will not rust. Keeps the clothes perfectly clean.

75c Post Paid

We will send it to any address, postpaid for 75c.

WILSON SPECIALTIES
Room 23, Manchester Bldg. - Toronto
AGENTS WANTED—BIG MONEY.

Are You Using MAPLEINE

With it you can make forty different kinds of dainty dishes. Send for recipe book free.

Mapleine is sold in 30c and 50c bottles—but it is worth more. A 30c bottle of Mapleine makes a gallon of delicious syrup. Mapleine is used by Domestic Science Experts.

Send for a bottle to-day
F. E. ROBSON & CO.
25 Front St., E., Toronto

STOP Lying Awake Get this Cure

Sleeplessness overcome by a scientific method. No drugs. Simple natural treatment. Gives almost instant relief and permanent results. Relieves nervousness, indigestion, liver complaint. Send 50 cents for complete treatment. Money back if no results.

Dawson Specialties
511 McKinnon Bldg., Toronto. 50c

FITS CURED

Send for Free Book giving full particulars of **Trench's Remedy** the world-famous cure for Epilepsy and Fits—Simple home treatment. 25 years success. Testimonials from all parts of the world: over 1,000 in one year.

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Limited
425 St. James' Chambers - TORONTO

THE WAY ONTO THE STAGE

(*Continued from page 13*)

women of the stage of today who came from the Sargent School, while as for Mr. Mackay I do not know of one who was not successful after they left his tuition, in fact I sent my own daughter to him paying the regulation price and did not regret it though as it happened my daughter married and left the stage and is now living in Toronto. Toronto, incidentally, has some excellent schools where first training for the stage can be adequately secured. Not a few of the leading actresses to-day secured their early training in that remarkably musical city.

For musical talent there are so many opportunities that one must try to find the best one to fit the special case of each applicant. The Chorus is no longer what it used to be in the days of "Pinafore" when the expression "once in the chorus always in it" was common. Today it is very hard to keep a girl in the chorus, and but for the war conditions there would now be a scarcity of choristers with voices and looks. As it is where $16. was the chorus salary in "Pinafore" times now $25. is the average week, "Show Girls" getting as high as $50.

For chorus positions let me say that a voice is not the great essential save in grand opera, nor is it a requisite to read music to obtain a position in musical comedy or in the hundreds of tabloid musical productions in Vaudeville. A cousin of mine, Matt Grau, N.Y. Theatre Building, N. Y. City, is the leading agency for the musical productions. Here half of the talent is engaged for the big musical shows.

Joseph Hart in the same building produces as many as twenty vaudeville acts a year, and he is looking for clever girls all the time. He pays well—no one gets less than $25. from him and Mr. Hart has developed scores of girls from the chorus up.

The Thefis Aborn (Century Opera House) and Andreas Dippel (1451 Broadway) are the best places to apply for opera of both grades. In these applications the voice is the principal requisite but if you apply to Mr. Dippel send him a photo as he believes in attractive faces as well as good voices.

Have you any specialty that you could utilize to frame up a vaudeville "turn?" If you have not, think it over, perhaps there is some one thing you can do that would "go over." Can you sing songs so that they will "get across?" Can you play on any instrument well enough to hold an audience for 10 minutes? Can you dance alone or with a partner? Perhaps you can do some "stunts" well enough to induce you to ask for a "try out." Do you know how to go about this without any expense? No! You do not even know that one half of the talent that appears in vaudeville today was "tried out" under the same conditions I shall now reveal to you.

When you are decided that you alone or in partnership with others have got "the goods" and if you live far from New York and Chicago, you do not have to go these centres to find out if you can "make good"—almost any vaudeville theatre in the city you live or one nearby will give you a chance to "Show 'Em." When you write to the manager say that you read this article and are acting on the suggestions in it. If by chance one selfish manager refuses, it is not at all likely that the next one will. The bigger the manager, the less likely he will refuse.

Ask him to let you use his stage some morning, and when you go to the theatre to show what you can do take your nerve with you.

Now that manager is on the alert for bargains. He knows that if you make "good" he can get the first call on you at his own terms, but if he does "give you a week" you have scored a "Knock out" and inside of 48 hours the big New York and Chicago Agencies have "got your number." Be sure of that, that is all there is to the vaudeville phase of "getting there."

You do not have to go to New York, either, to apply to Dramatic Companies, almost all the companies visit your city or else one near to where you live, and if you think you can suit a particular manager, apply to him while he is en tour, *try that*, I used to engage people that way, and was easier to approach in Kalamazoo than in New York, so you will find are most managers.

Don't assume the theatre is a pleasure ground, take it up seriously and do not figure out what it costs to "get in." It costs nothing if you go at it right.

This Month's Cover

Was made from the photograph which received first prize in our recent competition for the best picture of a child. The winning contributor is Ethel Botterill of Montreal. The photograph was made by John Wilkinson of the same city.

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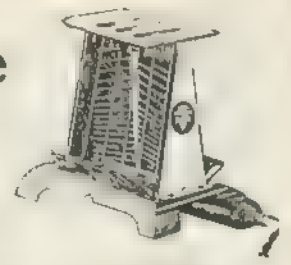

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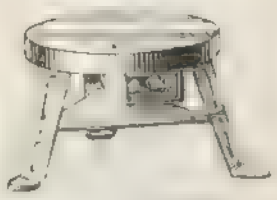

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A neat, beautifully finished little stove that will do quickly light cooking at a very, very small cost. Once used will be found almost indispensible. Guaranteed for 3 years.

Reg. $5.00

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BIG REDUCTIONS

For twelve days only—these low prices on Canadian Beauty Appliances—prices that make a purchase now the greatest economy.

SEE YOUR DEALER'S WINDOW

Where there is a Big Display of Articles at these Prices. Go To-Day!

RENFREW ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED

IMMERSION HEATER

For the almost instant heating of liquids. The cost of operation is negligible. Water for shaving, tea, coffee, dishwashing, this heater will fill the need.

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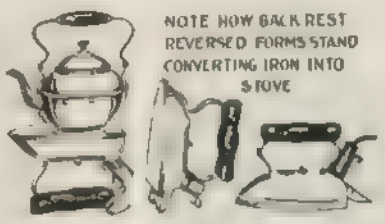

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Produces the very finest coffee. Percolator is correct in design, beautifully finished and very efficient—a handsome, useful table servant.

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A great convenience—quickly heats a room in the chilly days of Spring or Fall—and at surprisingly small cost. Portable—nicely finished in copper and nickel. Guaranteed for five years.

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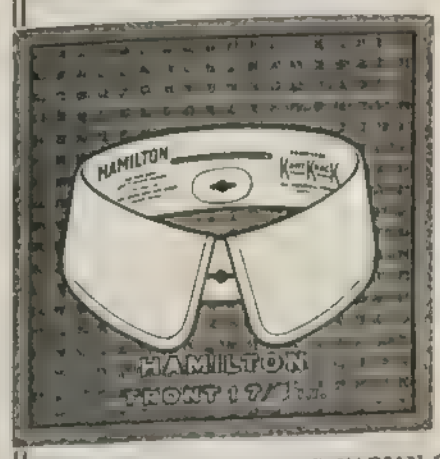
PARTICULAR MEN FAVOR THEM!



KANT KRACK coated linen collars, look like linen and are more comfortable. They have the favor of men who are particular, and neat in their attire.

You can clean them yourself in a moment by simply wiping them with a wet cloth—no trouble—no worry—no expense!

KANT KRACK collars are made in a number of styles and all sizes—one grade only and that the best! Ask your dealer to show you the full line of our collars. Or, send us 25c and we will send you whatever style and size you desire; also our free booklet "A Little Talk on Collars and Dress."

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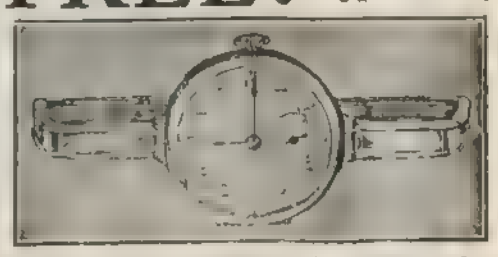


Charming Bracelet Watch

Given to Ladies and Girls

Don't pay $15.00 to $25.00 for a Bracelet Watch. By a fortunate opportunity we have just secured 100 of these magnificent bracelet watches and we will give them away **absolutely free** to ladies and girls while they last. These lovely bracelet watches are the latest fad of fashion. Many of them made of solid gold, platinum and set with precious stones sell for $100 00 each and upwards. Our handsome watch is exactly the same in style and appearance as the most expensive ones. It has rich gold finished case, accurate, reliable, imported movement and the genuine expansion bracelet that goes easily over the hand and fits snugly on any wrist. You'll be delighted with it.

Simply write to-day and we will send you, postage paid, without any money in advance, only 40 sets of our exquisite Beauty Pins to sell among your friends at only 10 cents each. It is easy. Just think, two lovely engraved gold finished beauty pins on a nice card for only 10 cents. They're so handy and pretty that most ladies want four or five sets the minute you show them. They sell like hot cakes. Return our money, only $4.00 when the pins are sold and we'll promptly send you this exquisite wrist watch all charges paid. We absolutely guarantee that this watch will surprise you and please you beyond measure, so write for the pins quickly as this offer will be withdrawn as soon as the one hundred watches are gone. Address:—

THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO.
Special Bracelet Watch Offer - Toronto, Ont.

Off to the War

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Dr. Chase's Gift to the Soldier Boys

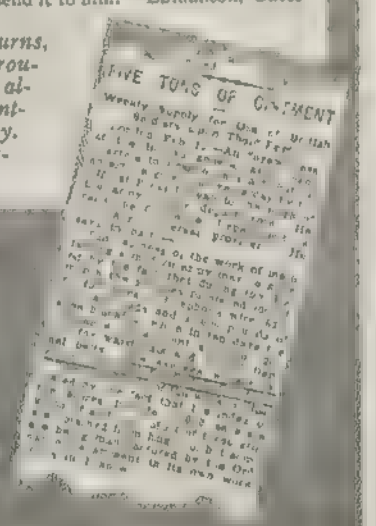
A Large Box of Dr. Chase's Ointment is Presented to Every Soldier Before He Leaves for the Front.

You will see by the attached clipping that ointment is one of the prime necessities of the military man in camp. Note the amount used each week. The heavy clothing chafes and irritates the skin. Forced marches and heavy footwear make the feet sore. Exposure to dampness brings on piles or hemorrhoids. It therefore happens that nothing is so greatly in demand as an ointment such as Dr. Chase's.

This was proven in the Spanish-American and Boer Wars, when we made a similar distribution to the boys going from Buffalo and Toronto. The volume of grateful reports then received convinced us that no soldier's knapsack is complete without a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Wednesday (Feb. 17) there were delivered to the members of the 19th Battalion at the Exhibition Grounds, Toronto, over 1,000 boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment. The same gift is made to all the soldiers in training, and we do not want any to be missed. If you know of a soldier who did not receive a box kindly advise us, so we can send it to him. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

For sores, scalds, burns, chafes, itching and skin troubles the careful mothers always keep Dr. Chase's Ointment on hand and ready. Buy it from your druggist.



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SOLID CHOCOLATE
MAPLE BUDS

"Maple Buds" is a name which distinguishes a quality, a flawless standard of chocolate purity and deliciousness, rather than simply the form in which the chocolate is moulded.

"Made in Canada."

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How Clever Women Make Money

The Shirt Hospital

By RUTH SLEMEN

THE coming artist of the realist school, when he wants truly to symbolize woman, will depict her with a needle, instead of the classic torch or scroll, for it has ever been her chiefest stay. Queens have not scorned to become accomplished in its use, while in times of adversity it has been the refuge of countless thousands.

The very universality of its use by women has tended to render its employment less lucrative, and "plain sewing" either at home or the house of a customer, in the ordinary way, is a poorly paid and very confining occupation. This conclusion was reached by a couple of spinsters of uncertain age who had followed the trade for several years. Both were expert needlewomen, in the generally accepted sense of the term, thrown upon their own resources by the death of their parents. Their case was not unusual. They came of a family not poor, but that lived up to its income, so after the doctor's bills and funeral expenses had been paid the sisters found they had nothing but the house in which they lived. Having no special training they drifted into plain sewing as the easiest way of making both ends meet. Two years of this convinced them that it was a very difficult way indeed, and that unless they did not want to develop into mere automata they must make a change.

The result of their many talks and cogitations was the establishment of a shirt hospital, which by reason of its novelty and practicability was a success almost from the start. Let the younger, who is the business manager, tell the story in her own words:

"Two years of house to house sewing convinced Sister and me that most women are born slave drivers, and that more consideration is received at the hands of men. Perhaps," she added, with a twinkle in her eye which showed that the the milk of human-kindness was still running in her veins, "it is because women understand so much more about sewing that they demand more of you than the men, but at any rate, we concluded, we would rather work for the stronger sex, so we gradually evolved our surgical institute for disabled shirts.

"Since we were making a bid for man's approval, we determined to go about it in a thoroughly business-like masculine way. We could, perhaps, have opened a shop in our own home at considerably less expense, but it was off the line of traffic and we could not secure the necessary publicity, so we did what many of our friends told us was an extremely foolish thing—mortgaged our place, and opened up a shop on one of the principal business streets. It was a hazard of course, but we were philosophical, and decided that if the worst happened a quick death was better than the death in life we had been leading. Fortunately we were optimistic by nature and believing in ourselves, found that our confidence had been justified.

"At first we did everything ourselves, but as trade increased we took on helpers, until now we have six assistants. No it's not an Alladin's lamp story. We have not grown rich by any means, but we are making a good living, have regular hours, and enjoy life as we never did before. And the best of it is that any woman or group of women who are fairly expert with the needle could do as we have done.

"In the beginning we had printed small cards of good quality (cheapness is the last thing to be considered in stationery) displaying prominently the sign of the red cross, with the words "The Shirt Hospital" and the address. On the reverse side we gave in a concise manner prices and other information relating to our business. These we distributed in all the stores, besides mailing a number to parties we thought might be interested.

"As to our shop: The name and sign of the red cross was painted on both windows, and of course attracted attention from the start. In the window we showed several miniature shirts, together with signs, which pertinently enquired: Why throw away the old shirt just because the neckband or wristbands are worn, when we can replace them with new ones?

"We secured the agency of a large laundry (which fact of course we announced on our card)and it was in this way that we acquired the bulk of our present trade. It is no reflection at all upon this particular laundry, but it is a universally recognized fact that a few trips to the average laundry will cause any garment to have need of surgical attention, for acids will eat the cloth, and the manglers will strip the buttons and fray the bands. Our patrons, the majority of whom are men, and the bulk of them single, have found it a very comforting assurance to know that no matter in what condition their shirts are received from the laundry by us, when delivered to them they will be in first class shape. Most of them leave standing orders for repairs, and bills for same are rendered once a month. Our charges are very reasonable, and based entirely upon the actual amount of work done, a record being kept of the repairs to each garment. It is this fairness and squareness, I think, that has been one of the greatest factors in our success, our customers realizing that we have their interests, as well our own, at heart.

"Some time ago we found it advisable to add a shirt making department to our establishment. Patrons for whom we had nursed along old garments until even our ingenuity failed to keep them from the retired list, besought us to make them some shirts that would be like the one hoss shay and "go to pieces all at once" on account of there being no "weakest part." This was a new problem. Neither Sister nor I were qualified in this direction by professional training, so we enlisted the services of a capable cutter and designer, carrying out our original plans of paying her man's wages for doing a man's work. Of course we assist her in the actual sewing, but her supervision in the cutting and fitting guarantees a first class, workmanlike garment.

"The last addition to our shop has been the establishment of a little sales department, wherein are kept all the standard makes of collars, and a good supply of collar buttons. It is needless to say that these latter do not go a-begging, for whoever heard of a man who could find a collar button; and as for the collars, anybody realizes the futility of attempting to repair one after the laundry man has got in his deadly work. To paraphrase the old saying, 'Shirts are like teacups, once broken they can be mended; but collars are like a mirror, once broken that ends them.' We have not attempted to branch out at all in our sales line, for we believe this to be an age of specialization, and desire to keep strictly within the bounds of our name, a shirt hospital."

What these women have done can be done by any others of ordinary business capacity, and it is this breaking away from the conventional, and doing something that has not been done dozens of times before that spells success.

Story-Telling Hour for the Small Folks.

The other day, while visiting a friend, I saw a number of children come into the house, as I thought, to visit her little daughter of six. These little ones were in the room above the one in which we were sitting, and could be heard moving around and talking for a little while, when it suddenly became so quiet that I wondered what was the matter. Thinking this unnatural, I asked my hostess what they were doing upstairs, to which she answered: "This is their story hour, and they all just love it." I asked her who told the stories, and then she explained that a young lady—a recent graduate from our higher schools—has formed classes of five or six children in the neighborhood to entertain them this way. The mothers of the children usually choose the afternoon the nurses are out, and this makes the time pass more quickly for them as well as the children. They paid at the rate of 50 cents each per hour, and as there were five children in this particular group, it paid the young lady very well. I became so interested that the mother asked me whether I would like to go upstairs and see them, to which invitation I, of course, said "Yes." We stole up the stairs quietly and peeped in, unobserved, for we did not wish to attract their attention. I never saw such interested youngsters. They took in greedily every word, and then, when the story was over, they began asking questions and discussing the theme, and this gave the teacher her chance to point out the moral and impress it on their minds. I said to the mother afterward: "That is surely a half dollar well spent on your part, and it certainly is an interesting way of earning money for a bright young girl who has a fondness for children and an adaptability for pleasing them."

—L. S.

POULTRY

Timely Authoritative References to the Present Market Situation and Helpful Comment and Instruction in Caring for Young Chicks

By N. C. CAMPBELL, B.S.A.

THE annual Spring slump in price of eggs this year has been more noticeable than usual. Eggs have touched a slightly lower than common level in the rural places; the situation has taken some of the enthusiasm from the enthusiasts on poultry.

I believe, however, that if has not been so much the lower price of eggs as it has been the very much higher price of grains —wheat, oats, barley, and all kinds of mill-feeds—that has been responsible for the temporary abating interest in chickens. With war prices ruling for grain and feed stuffs one is much more inclined to count the cost. And this is well for one ought at all times to keep poultry —and any other kind of domesticated live stock—on a purely business-like basis where the cost is known and profits and loss accurately determined.

AN ULTRA MODERN METHOD

While eggs have tumbled in price, there can have been no complaint on the price of old hens and of other live poultry. I know of a good many progressive poultry keepers who sold their stock for the Jewish Easter trade and got 16 cents a pound live weight for them right at their home place, the buyers looking after the shipping charges. This is quite the ultra-modern way to handle a flock of poultry now-a-days—have the pullets laying early in late fall and through the winter and the year-old hens starting in to lay early in January, so that by March 15th, or by the 1st of April, they have laid their best and it is really no sacrifice at all to sell all the older hens at this time for the very high price that they will realize live weight. Considering the cost of feed from this date on—at least this year—and the lower price of eggs (also that the old hens will persist in being broody and during such periods will not lay eggs) it is the acme of good business to be rid of them, live weight, at 16 cents a pound!

THE PRESENT SITUATION

While this year is not the most desirable season that one can imagine in which to carry through a very large flock of, say, 400 to one thousand or more hens, it is by no means a time to quit raising and caring for poultry altogether. Next year the situation is quite likely to be reversed it surely will be if many of the "spineless" short-seeing poultry keepers get "cold feet" entirely now, and throw over the business.

Small flocks and reasonably large flocks of poultry can still give a good account of themselves under good management. Much of what they will eat will otherwise go to waste, and, if kept just for one's use—to supply eggs and poultry for the home table, they will figure as a vital important factor in keeping down the cost of living. With beef and other meats at retail prices, almost prohibitive, it is mighty nice to have fresh poultry and eggs from one's own flock to use at home.

A PATRIOTIC DUTY

Then there is another side of the question this year. It is a patriotic duty, which we owe to ourselves, and to our country and the Emire, to produce as much as possible of available foodstuffs. You might think that your little flock of 25 to 40 hens can make but little difference; but think of thousands and thousands and even millions of such flocks—which is what we really have in this country—all producing poultry products primarily for home use, and you gain an appreciation of how really important a factor in the Nation's food supply even your little flock can be!

As for beginners: With eggs lower in price it is all the easier to get a start and gain desired experience with poultry keeping.

Chickens may be hatched to advantage any time this month and even next. For early winter layers you need to count on between five and six months to develop the chick to the mature pullet, ready to lay, provided she is of the right strain, and has been well reared on proper feed and care.

CHICKEN POINTERS

Granted that you have your chickens hatched or will shortly have them hatched, I wish to point out two or three points, seemingly minor, but which may put your success with the chickens all to the bad unless you heed them well. First of all, be in no hurry to feed the newly hatched chicks. I have dwelt on the point before, but it calls for emphasis again because it seems so hard a thing for anyone to do to keep from feeding the fascinating chickens, newly hatched.

Nature has looked after her own abundantly in the case of the chicks and they can take care of themselves for four days or more without any feed that you may provide! The entire yolk of the egg has been enveloped within the body of the chick before it came from the shell; the chick must digest this yolk first, and if you feed it meanwhile you give its delicate little digeative organs a very heavy handicap indeed.

THE FIRST FEEDING

You can safely wait forty-eight hours anyway, and better for seventy-two hours, after hatching, before feeding the chicks. Then start them off with water—from a fountain, so that they cannot bodily get into the water and suffer therefrom, and give pin-head oatmeal, or dry bread crumbs. You may feed some granulated hard-boiled eggs if you have them to spare; also cracked wheat, or screenings.

Be careful to feed only a little at a time, and feed often—five or six times a day for the first week; then out to three times a day by the time the chicks are a month old. I like the hopper method of feeding —having the feed so far as cracked grain, grit, and dry chopped stuff is concerned, before the chicks in hoppers—sort of a free lunch counter to which they may go and help themselves at all times. For watering I prefer a simple little fountain made from a salmon can and a saucer. Simply punch a hole in the side of the can, say three-eighths of an inch from the top, and fill the can with water, put saucer face down on top and turn all upside down and you have a very suitable convenient little fountain that will protect the chicks from getting wet.

INCUBATOR CHICKS

For your incubator chicks I recommend you to follow closely the suggestions and instructions given you by the manufacturer. Most manufacturers of incubators and brooders get out quite elaborate books of instruction on raising poultry. I advise you to send for these.

If your chickens are hen-hatched, do not let the hen run at large with them. Tie her or keep her confined in a suitable coop, and do not let the chicks run through the wet grass in the early morning. Keep guard against having the chickens exposed to rain from any thunder storm that may come up quickly. It is sure destruction to them if they get soaked with cold rain.

At all times make war against lice—one healthy louse on a chicken—especially if on the chicken's head—will make a very unhealthy chicken, indeed, if it does not kill it.

TREAT FOR LICE

The old hen mother is almost sure to have some lice. Treat her for lice anyway. Use some of the handy prepared louse killers to be had in big packages at your dealers and, as well, keep the coops clean,—you may spray or paint them with coal-oil—and if mother hen can have access to a dust bath, all should be well.

Cats are not to be trusted generally near very young chickens. Rats are very fond of such prime young delicacy, so look out to keep them out of reaching the chicks. Crows, hawks, skunks, weasels and dogs need also to be guarded against.

FRESH FORAGE FOR CHICKS.

If you find it possible, give the chickens the advantage of some freshly dug ground on which to forage. You might sow some seeds, clover or grains of any kind, so that these, on sprouting, will furnish tender young green feed for them to pick and eat. You can trust the young chicks —without the mother hen—to run in your garden, amongst and between the rows of corn, potatoes, and the other garden truck. They will capture and eat many bugs and worms, and they will experience ideal conditions there under which to grow so fast as almost to astonish you.

By all means do not attempt to raise young chickens on old dirty ground where hens and chickens have been year after year for many years,—and, if you can, keep them off of a tough old sod, which will provide them with but little of use to them.

FASCINATING INTEREST

Quite aside from any momentary advantage that comes from keeping poultry, I like to be with the chickens and with the hens because of their fascinating interest. I believe this is why so many women engage in poultry keeping.

Making the Chicks Grow

depends upon getting a right start. More chicks are lost through improper feeding than from any other cause. Feeding this, that and the other thing means taking a great big chance. Start right by giving

Pratts Baby Chick Food

and you will have strong, vigorous, healthy chicks, able to withstand the attacks of disease from which poor, ill-nourished flocks suffer. Try just one box on our recommendation

"Your money back if not satisfied"

At your dealers. 14-lb. bag, $1.00; 6½-lb. pkg., 50c.; 3-lb. pkg., 25c.

Pratts White Diarrhoea Remedy

is the result of years of painstaking experiment and research work. It will positively save your chicks from the disastrous effects of this disease.

Pratts Powdered Lice Killer

Instantly rids your fowls of lice and mites. In sifter-top cans at 25cts. and 50cts

Tear out this ad. and mail with 10c. for our 160-page Poultry Book.

PRATT FOOD CO.
of Canada, Limited
Dept. 23 TORONTO

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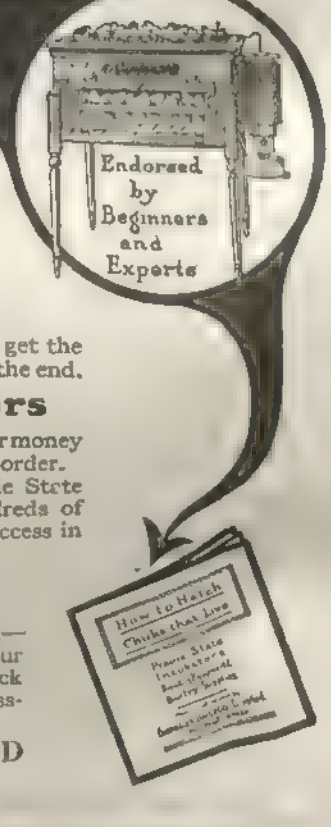
Pratts
Poultry Remedies
Pratts Poultry Regulator, 25c.-$9.
Pratts Baby Chick Food, 25c. to $5.
Pratts Liquid Lice Killer, 30c. qt., $1.00 gal.
Pratts Powdered Lice Killer, 25c. 50c.
Pratts Roup Remedy, 25c.-50c.
Pratts Roup Tablets, 25c.-50c.
Pratts White Diarrhoea Remedy, 25c. 50c.
Pratts Cholera Remedy, 25c.-50c.
Pratts Lice Ointment, 25c.
Pratts [illegible] Remedy, 25c.-50c.
Pratts Biscuits Remedy, 25c.
Pratts Condition Tablets, 25c.
Pratts Sore Head Remedy, 25c.-50c.
Pratts Scaly Leg Remedy, 25c.-50c.

Start Now to Raise Poultry



THE supply of first grade poultry and eggs in Canada and Europe is far short of the demand. Get busy right now and benefit by obtaining the year's top market prices.

We will show you how to begin, help you after you start and will buy for the highest cash price all the poultry and eggs that you can produce.

In selecting your incubator make sure that you get the best that money can buy—it will prove cheapest in the end.

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Canadian Agricultural Colleges are using Prairie State Incubators; write them for their results. Hundreds of others, beginners and experts, are having great success in hatching strong, healthy chicks that live.

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"How to Hatch Chicks that Live"

It gives reasons why the Prairie State is best—shows the right kind of hover—tells how to build your own brooders—the kind of feed to promote quick growth, and how to obtain the experiences of successful poultrymen. Write for it today.

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Write us for latest Purina Book. Send your dealer's name, and we will give you full particulars.

Purina Chick Feed

Grows Chesty Chix

MAKES them grow twice as fast. The delicate newly hatched chicks require special feed. And now that you have hatched your chickens and counted them, we are sure you will want them to grow rapidly and be kept free from bowel trouble and disease. Purina Chick Feed is just the feed they need! Try it.

It will pay you to feed them also Purina Chicken Chowder. Feed it from a box or hopper in addition to Purina Chick Feed. It is a grand growing feed.

The Chisholm Milling Co.
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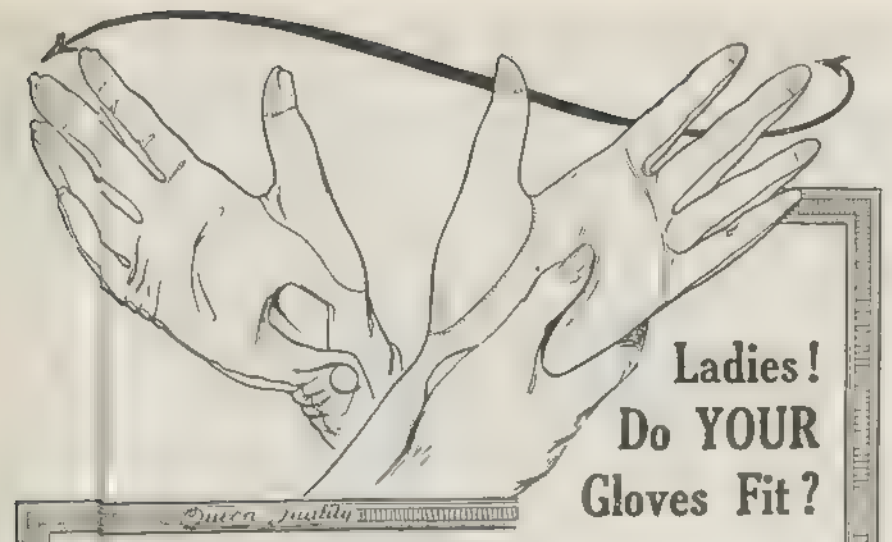

Ladies! Do YOUR Gloves Fit?

THERE is a remarkable difference in gloves. Some gloves simply will not pull down over the finger tips. For example note the illustration on the left. See that ugly little projection at the tip of each finger? That's just one of the annoyances you avoid by wearing

Queen Quality

Silk Gloves

¶Every demand of daintiness is met in "Queen Quality" double-tipped Silk Gloves. So carefully drafted—so beautifully finished—that, when pulled on, every finger fits PERFECTLY, as shown in the illustration on the right. ¶Only the finest grade of Japanese silk is used. This silk, known as 'Extra Classical,' is imported from Japan in the raw, and woven in Canada. ¶"Queen Quality" and "Made in Canada" stamped in gold in every pair. Prices, 50c. to $1.50 the pair at the smartest shops.

If you have difficulty in supplying your needs, write us for the address of your nearest "Queen Quality" Shop.

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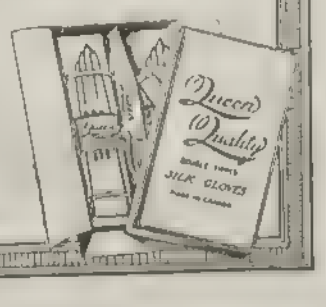
Makers of "Queen Quality" Italian Silk Lingerie



Baby's Needs Are Few

Fresh air and the right food are the principal ones. There is one golden rule in feeding Baby: *"Keep as Close to Nature as Possible."*

If Baby must be bottle-fed, do not rest until you have the best substitute for mother's milk. Let nothing but the best satisfy you!

Did you ever try to find out anything about Baby's natural food—its composition, and its proportion of cream? Do this, and compare the results with

Glaxo

"The Food That Builds Bonnie Babies"

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GLAXO is perfectly pure. It is scientifically sterilized milk and cream, with the water removed. Add hot water and GLAXO is ready for use in a moment.

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My Druggist is.. . _____

E. W. 108

How to Write a Photo Play

BY A SUCCESSFUL SCENARIO WRITER

A PHOTO-PLAY describes actions only. There is no dialogue. Written out it has four parts: Title, synopsis, cast of characters, and scenario.

Every play has an element of rivalry; two persons want the same object; only one can get it. And there are obstacles to overcome. People like happy endings, and while a happy ending is not a necessity, it is advisable. Although sorrow is shown, you must be careful never to have scenes offending good taste or morals. Be careful that you do not copy your story from a book, magazine, story or play. These are all copyrighted. Do not introduce children or animals into your play for not all producers are willing to train these "difficult" actors.

Have your play full of suspense and every scene interesting. Get a motive for the play. Let the audience see what the motive is at the very first and do not let them know what the end is until you get there.

The first thing to do is to pick your characters and write what they do—that is the scenario. After this, write the synopsis and make a suitable title.

Have a very few characters, and have them in the play from the first to the last. There should be only one principal character and he or she should have all the interest. Arrange the list of characters as they are arranged on a theatre program. Do not describe how they look.

When you have the action of the play clear in your own mind, begin to put it down. Make the different emotions of the actors quite clear by telling just what their movements, gestures and expressions are. Write it in this way: "Indian exits—enter trapper—running—trips over log—falls—"

Get right into the story. The story must start with the first movement in the first scene.

The number of scenes does not matter. The length of the play depends altogether on the time it takes to act it and not on the number of scenes or the number of words you use to describe them. A new scene comes every time the camera is moved, and must be numbered accordingly.

If the camera is moved close to take the picture, for instance, of a hand forging a signature, the scene is called a Bust scene, and because the camera is moved it is a new scene and is given a scene number.

Do not include useless scenes. Each scene must carry on the story. Don't describe unnecessary scenes; just say "love scene." In writing what would be usually spoken, use the word "signifies;" do not say, "The mother says to the villain, "I do not fear you." Write it, "Mother signifies, 'I defy you.'" Between two interior scenes in different houses, it is well to show an exterior scene; this will indicate that the interior scenes are separated.

Leaders are sub-titles, bits of conversation, etc. They are used to help make the story clear. While they are necessary, they must be used sparingly, for they interrupt the action. As the camera is not moved, they do not constitute a scene, and are not so marked. Letters, clippings, etc., serve the same purpose as leaders. A part of a sample scenario will show how these are written:

Scene 10 —Hotel office. George enters—approaches desk—boy comes up—hands him telegram—he opens it—reads—
Show telegram—George West, Montreal. Come back at once. —Jane.
Back to scene—George sends boy for bag—pays account—exits.
Leader —George returns.
Scene 11 —(And so on).

Try not to have a long lapse of time, like ten years, between the scenes. If you can have the story happen in an evening or a day, so much the better.

Let the characters leave the scene, and enter the next one shown in a natural manner. Show the scenes in a natural order. Begin with the beginning of the story and keep going on, not backward.

In describing the stage setting, use one or two words only as—Country school room. Just that. Never mind the details. Let your play be one that is easy to stage. If it is expensive and difficult to produce it is not likely to meet with so favorable a reception from the companies.

The length of a play depends on the time it takes to act it. A one-reel play requires twenty minutes; a double reel, forty minutes; three reels, an hour. The maximum length for a scene is three minutes. To judge how long your play is, read it slowly, imagining the action.

Typewrite the play if possible, using "double space." Use unruled white paper, 8½ by 11 inches. On the first page put only the title, synopsis and cast of characters. In the upper left hand corner of each page put your name and full address. Put the title of your play on each page. Number the pages.

Resiliency and Sir Walter Raleigh

(*Continued from page 17*)

they got from little receptacles beside them and smeared on the garment edges to close the seams. They were girls, little French-Canadians, mostly, and flanked the sides of a long table, each with her pot of rubber cement, her roller for flattening and smoothing the seams, her "cleaner," and her little pair of scissors. Other girls sat at machines that whirred, binding the outer edges of the garments, stitching, trimming and sewing on the buttons.

I was shown a display of the finished raincoats—models, these, for the forthcoming season. They were stylish enough as they hung on the dummies; but when a girl from the office building consented to play the "living model" and please me by trying the raincoats on—they looked *stunning!* Romance was on her shoulders.

And then, again, Sir Walter Raleigh!

"Would you like a glimpse of the rubber footwear?"

"Indeed, yes!" and I followed my guide up hill and down dale through the tortuous plant, to the huge department where rubber shoes of every sort and size are manufactured. The trip through was impressionistic. Hundreds of people were spreading the cloak of romance between our slippers and the pavement.

"Tag-day?" inquired a humourous employee whom I watched detaching a sheet of rubber as it came up from the calendars in the mill-room. I disarmed his suspicions and fingered the sheet. It was sole rubber, grooved to prevent slipping and already stamped with the factory trade-mark. Rubber for other parts of the shoe, including rubberized net for linings, was run up, likewise, from the rollers in the mill-room, to be taken in hand by a staff of expert cutters.

Dies were used in the cutting-out of linings and certain other parts of the goloshes, these being cut in multiple; but the gum uppers, soles and toe-caps were cut out singly, on tables from patterns, a single gesture sufficing the cutter to cut out each piece beneath his hand.

Part joined part in the "making" section, extreme skill being called for in the joining, as on this depend both shapeliness and comfort; and the making was concluded in the "last" department, where innumerable "feet" on open frames suggested mantels and Teddies home from college.

The now complete rubbers, lasts included, were placed upon iron frames on wheels, and the cars run down to the varnishing room where the shoes were either dipped into varnish, in a tank, by an automatic operation, or hand-brushed, depending on the uppers. This done, the trucks were carefully reloaded and bodily pushed into monster vulcanizers in which the freight remained overnight for curing.

The lasts would be taken out in the morning and the shoes trimmed, inspected, assorted, mated, boxed in the Company's special cartons, and the cartons packed in wooden cases for shipping.

Some twelve thousand pairs of rubber shoes are turned out daily by this great home factory. Moreover the firm which operates it has also other such factories in the country, for instance, those located at Berlin and Port Dalhousie, Ont., and Granby and St. Jerome, P.Q., and twenty-eight distributing centres; so that no housewife need languish for attention if she wants "Made in Canada" rain, snow and slush protection. Indeed, Dame Canada and her family must recognize the romance in the service which this knight of the rubber industry renders, whenever they have to brave the sloppy highway, and will look hereafter for the trade-marked products of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company. For Queen Bess smiled, you know, on good "Sir Walter."

And I am sure "Ye Editor" will smile, too, and courteously and graciously spread before you his "mantle" of knowledge and information, if you will write to him at his sanctum (P.O. Box 330, Montreal) and tell him what else you wish to know about "Made-in-Canada" rubber goods.

Convincing!

"I had intended writing you sooner and telling you that I think there is nothing to equal No-Mo-Odo. Since using it I have never had to wear dress shields, and I used to have to wear two pair! I have recommended No-Mo-Odo to a number of other sufferers."

Other discerning and particular women also demand

NO-MO-ODO
TOILET WATER

and because they continue using it, is convincing proof of its quality, and of the satisfaction it affords in correcting the excessive perspiration of the glands of the arm-pits.

NO-MO-ODO is a promoter of womanly attractiveness and charm. Its action is mild but very effective. NO-MO-ODO is pleasant to use, harmless and regulates the profuse perspiration and destroys all odor, leaving the arm-pits sweet and clean. It is easily applied and convenient to use.

Order a Bottle To-Day from Your Druggist!

If he is unable to supply NO-MO-ODO write me direct, enclosing 50c., and I will send you postpaid, a full sized bottle of NO-MO-ODO.

WM. H. LEE, Druggist
Dept. E.W. - Toronto

Added Beauty!

THE Bloom of Youth with the natural rose complexion, will be yours if you will clear the skin of all sallowness, sunburn, tan, freckles, blackheads, undue redness, etc., by applying

PRINCESS
Complexion Purifier

It promotes that much sought for youthful freshness and appearance and a lifetime of good looks. Princess Complexion Purifier thoroughly cleanses the pores of all impurities, and will not injure the most delicate skin.

Write For Your Bottle To-Day

We will send you one regular full sized bottle of Princess Complexion Purifier on receipt of $1 and will prepay the carriage if you will write at once and mention having seen this advertisement.

Remember, Princess Complexion Purifier does all we claim for it, and because other discriminating women have obtained satisfactory results from its use, we know that you, too, will be delighted with the benefit you will derive.

We will also send you free, with your trial of Princess Complexion Purifier our latest Beauty book For Appearance Sake which discusses one method of removing superfluous hair by electrolysis and it contains many helpful hints on the care of the complexion and hair

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Noiseless HAND

A SILENT WORKER AND ALWAYS READY

The NOISELESS is far and away the easiest to operate Dolley Type hand washing machine on the market. There are no wheels, cogs or springs about it to get out of order. It does the work perfectly, quickly and is a wonderful labor saver. Investigate it at your dealers or write us direct.

CUMMER-DOWSWELL, Limited
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MADE IN CANADA

WANTED—All kinds of names and addresses. We pay 25c each. Send dime for contract (silver). P-Sun, LeRoy, Mich.

Frances Gale's Talks to Business Girls

THE DRESS PROBLEM

IF the man who settles his dress problem by a semi-annual order to his tailor and a quarterly shopping expedition for shirts and neckties could read the undercurrent of thought almost constantly running through the mind of the girl who works beside him, his respect for her capacity as a business woman would increase amazingly. If he had to keep track of all the threads of his work and at the same time had to remember the color and quantity of thread needed by his tailor and the size and number of the buttons, had to decide as to trimming with velvet or braid, had to do without lunch in order to be "fitted," and was continually haunted by the terrifying probability that the garment would be a perfect fright when done, his desk work would surely reflect the double mental strain. Yet that is just what a majority of business girls are doing, and to say "don't do it," is much simpler than to devise any practical scheme by which fifteen dollars a week, often considerably less, can be made to cover decent living expenses and suitable clothing without spending more time and thought on the latter than its importance warrants.

In any place of business where a number of girls are employed, it is easy to guess the system or lack of system each one applies to the problem of clothes.

There is the girl who appears in a shabby skirt, shoes run over at the heel and a dejected hat, but she has a smart, new blouse, ready-made and somewhat ill-fitting, it is true, but conspicuous in its contrast to the rest of her attire. By the time the blouse has lost its freshness and a button or two, the skirt, now hopelessly frayed, is replaced by a cheap new one of the latest cut in extreme narrowness or bulgy width, and the contrast between the upper and lower portions of the costume is reversed. When the skirt has faded into a quick shabbiness, the now disgraceful shoes are succeeded by a pair of French-heeled patent leathers, the gloss of which is marred in a week by nicks and creases, and a month later, although it is mid-season, the sad-appearing headgear gives way to a bargain-counter hat with a plume, the curl of which vanishes beneath the first shower. By this time it is pretty evident to the observer that the wearer of this ill-assortment of garments uses no system at all, but simply rushes into a department store and buys a single garment when its predecessor reaches a stage of impossible forlornness.

And there is the girl, of whom the number increases every day, who is determined that she will dress both suitably and attractively at any honest cost, but the cost at which she does it is greater than anyone who has never tried to do the same thing under the same circumstances can guess. Her working hours are approximately the same as those of the stores. She may leave her work an hour earlier, but that hour finds every counter crowded with clamorous last-minute buyers harrying weary and inattentive clerks. Purchasing usually means a desperate grab at a half inspected article before it is thrust under cover for the night. There may be a half holiday on Saturday, but that is the worst period of the whole week for the buyer, and the exhaustion consequent upon spending the few weekly recreation hours in a jostling mass of town and country shoppers is anything but conducive to the healthy appearance that is more attractive than the best chosen costume. The noon hour may yield her thirty minutes for shopping, snatched from the time that should have been given to digestion, rest or exercise, but it may take three of those filched half hours to match one sample of trimming demanded by her dressmaker. For she cannot afford an expensive dressmaker, and the cheap one must be dealt with in constant collaboration or results are disastrous.

Experience, the experience of other people, is often a most irritating mentor, because it never exactly fits our own circumstances, yet the combined experience of many must carry with it some hints useful to those whose circumstances are in some degree similar. The successful business woman the world over dresses like a business woman when she is at business. She would feel as ridiculous seated at her desk in a chiffon gown as a man would feel giving orders to his factory force in a dress suit. Having reached the higher rungs of the success ladder, it is an easy matter for her to have clothes suitable for all occasions, but even in the earlier stages of her career it is ten to one that she realized correct dressing to be a factor of success. Most of these women will tell you that cheap clothes are not money savers, that one good suit will wear as long as two cheap ones, each at half the price, and look better all the time, that a blouse of good silk of some quiet, becoming color, made in simple tailored style to fit your own figure will outwear two flimsily-pretty ready-made waists and have much more dignity and style, that an extreme fashion in cut or color is only for the woman who can afford to throw her suit aside long before it is worn out, that while pretty little accessories may be picked up for a few cents, the groundwork of the costume, no matter how simple, must be of good material in order to get the best effect at the least expense. The way to save money, in fact, is to spend it with judicious freedom at stated and rare intervals, instead of with injudicious parsimony at frequent and irregular intervals.

These suggestions are old to the verge of hackneyism, but they are the best that have yet been made regarding the way to save money. How to save time is another and quite as vital a question.

On that point I have some ideas that I know to be practical. The first one is this: Decide exactly what you want before you go shopping. You may say that you don't know what is in the stores until you look, but that is a mistake. The people you meet in the street are wearing what is in the stores. You can decide by one evening's good, hard thinking, what you must have for your spring and summer outfit and the amount of money you can afford to spend on it. Of these things the under garments are staple articles that can be bought in any good store and all at one time, special sales being advertised in the papers. To run from store to store looking for bargains in such things means a waste of time and strength with little or no saving in money. Regarding outer garments, you can make your decision by looking in the shop windows and at the people in the streets. All the prevailing fashions are to be seen there and it is much easier to make up your mind as to what pleases you before you go into the shops than after their multiplicity of styles is spread before you.

Having decided that you are going to get a ready-to-wear suit of a certain color and style of cut, also the maximum price you can afford to pay for it, go into the store you think most likely to have it and tell the saleswoman exactly what you want, color, style, price and all, leaving her under no delusion that you may be induced to pay fifty dollars when your highest limit is thirty. She will then bring out everything she has that is near about what you have described, and you will save time again by refusing to try on any garment which there is not a fair possibility of your purchasing providing it fits you. For a woman who has the whole day at her disposal it is all very well to amuse herself trying on brown coats, purple coats, old rose coats, green coats and tango coats when she knows perfectly well that the hat and gown she has already purchased makes blue the possible color she can wear with them, but you have not time to fool away in that fashion. If you permit the saleswoman to thrust you into a dozen garments that you know you would not take as a gift, or could not pay for if you wanted them, you will find your shopping hour filled and nothing accomplished save weariness and nervousnes and an unsettling of mind that calls for new and probably less wise decisions.

It is only fair, too, to remember that the girl who waits on you is a business woman, herself, and that her time is as valuable to her as yours is to you. We growl a good deal about the carelessness and discourtesy of clerks, but sometimes I wonder at their patience, and the business girl has no excuse for trying it, as she sometimes does. She should know from experience the worth of time, and if she is in the business world with the intention of making good there, she should be capable of forming quick and judicious decisions regarding her dress, and have enough consideration for others to refrain from wasting their time as carefully as she refrains from wasting her own.

In fact, the dress problem, being a real and a serious one for the business girl, can best be solved by applying to it the same principles of "business efficiency" and "scientific management" that her employer, if he is successful, applies to his business, and which she, if she is a smooth-running cog in the machinery of that business, is daily helping him to apply.

She Patiently Bore Disgrace

A Sad letter from a lady whose Husband was Dissipated

How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy.

"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I hereby advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

FREE—SEND NO MONEY.

I will send **free trial package** and booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, etc., to any sufferer or friend who wishes to help. Write to-day. Plain sealed package. Correspondence sacredly confidential.

E. R. HERD, Samaria Remedy Co., 1426 Mutual Street, Toronto, Can.

If Foods were placed in order of merit, you would place Benger's Food first,

because it is retained when all other foods are rejected.

Although Benger's Food, when prepared, contains all the nutritive elements necessary to sustain life in full vigour, it is so easily digested that the weakliest infant or invalid may be fed upon it when other foods fail.

Benger's Food forms, with milk, a delicious food cream most highly nourishing and quite free from rough particles which irritate delicate stomachs Infants thrive on it.

BENGER'S Food

For INFANTS, INVALIDS and the AGED

is obtainable from all Stores, Grocers, etc., in sealed tins price 60c and $1.

A sample with Instructive booklet post free from—
BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd. Manchester, Eng.
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Halifax, N.S.	Toronto, Ont.	Calgary, Alta.
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No experience needed. No plates, no films, no dark room. Make pictures the new way. Save money. Save work. Thousands now getting picture-taking joys with the

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A one-minute camera. Makes finished 2½ x 3½ inch photo post cards on the spot in one minute. Loads in daylight. Great camera invention. Simple to operate. A child can work it.

$5 Complete Outfit $5

Add 50c for parcel post. Outfit includes "Mandel-ette" Camera and supplies to make 18 pictures. Extra cut is 25c per package of 18, tripod $1.00. *Money back if not as represented.* Order now—or write for FREE BOOK.

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"Our Length of Life Would Be Greatly Prolonged."

Prof. METCHNIKOFF

One of the world's greatest scientists has specifically stated that if, in infancy, our colons could be removed, we would be freed from the most prolific cause of human ailments, and live perhaps twice as long as now.

This is a strong statement, but not so surprising when we know that physicians are agreed that 95% of all illness is caused by accumulated waste in the colon (large intestine), that the first step a physician takes in all cases of illness is to give a medicine to remove that waste—and that probably more drugs are used for that purpose in this country to-day than for all other purposes combined.

The foods we eat and the manual labor or exercise that we fail to perform, make it impossible for Nature to act as thoroughly as she did in the past, in removing this waste, and so we are all, every one of us, affected by it.

This, and this alone, is responsible for the conditions known as "costiveness," "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," etc., which are all the result of accumulated waste.

You see, if the presence of this accumulation would make itself evident to us in its early stages, we would be better off, but it does not and there lies the pernicious danger of it.

For this waste is the worst of poisons, as we all know—an atom of it in the stomach would inevitably produce Typhoid; and the blood constantly circulating through the colon, absorbs and is polluted by these poisons, making us physically weak and mentally dull, without ambition and the power to think and work up to our real capacity.

You know how completely a bilious attack will incapacitate you, and it is safe to say that such a complaint would be absolutely unknown if the colon were kept constantly free of accumulated waste.

Now, the reason that physicians agree that 95% of illness is due to this cause is that it weakens our powers of resistance so much as to make us receptive to any disease which may be prevalent, and permits any organic weakness we may have to gain the upper hand.

The effect of drugs is only temporary; they force Nature instead of assisting her, and the doses have to be constantly increased to be effective at all. Here is what the journal of The American Medical Association says:—

"Every drug exerts a variety of actions, but only a few of the actions of any drug are of benefit in any given condition; the others are negligible or detrimental."

It may be surprising to you to know, however, that over a million Americans and Canadians have learned and are now practising the surest and most scientific method of keeping the colon consistently clean and free from accumulated waste.

Who have proven that by an occasional Internal Bath, taking about fifteen minutes of their time, their blood is kept pure, their intellects bright, their minds clear, their bodies strong and vitally powerful, their nerves relaxed, and every part of their physical being in perfect tune, therefore, it naturally follows, in perfect health.

Perhaps you will be interested to know just what an Internal Bath really is — and while it can not be described in detail here, it is no more like the commonly known enema than a vacuum cleaner is like a whisk-broom—but it uses the same medium —Nature's own cleanser and purifier —warm water.

Some years ago Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell of New York City was in a most serious condition—at the point of death, according to physicians who were summoned to attend him, and by the principal of Internal Bathing referred to here, and nothing else, he effected a complete recovery.

Since that time Dr. Tyrrell has specialized on Internal Bathing alone, and has devoted his entire time, study and practice to this mode of treatment.

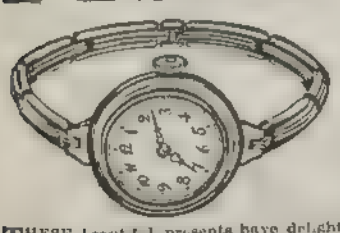
The result of his researches, study, and practical, as well as scientific, experience on the subject, is summed up in a little book called "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing,' which can be obtained without a penny of cost by simply writing to Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., Room 443, 280 College Street, Toronto, with a mention of having read this in Everywoman's World.

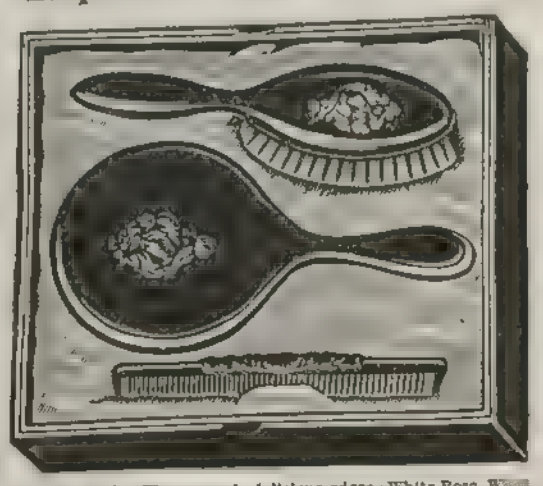
There are many practical facts about the working of the digestive organs which everyone should know, but very few do, and inasmuch as the margin between good and ill health is inconceivably narrow, and it is apparant that so very little trouble is necesary to keep well and strong in advanced years as well as in youth, it seems as though everyone should read this treatise, which is free for the asking.

Beautiful Toilet Set Given Away

FREE

Princess Mary Toilet Set and Exquisite Bracelet Watch





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Akin to Love

(Continued from page 7)

Zillah to go and keep house for him, and if David got married Zillah'd go quick. Catch her staying there if you were mistress. And David has such a beautiful house. It's ten times finer than yours, though I don't deny yours is comfortable. And his farm is the best in Meadowby and joins yours. Think what a beautiful property they would make together. You're all right now, Josephine, but what will you do when you get old and have nobody to take care of you? I declare the thought worries me at nights till I can't sleep."

"I should have thought you had enough worries of your own to keep you awake at nights, without taking over any of mine," said Josephine drily. "As for old age, it's a good ways off for me yet. When our Jack gets old enough to have some sense he can come here and live with me. But I'm not going to marry David Hartley, you can depend on that, Ida, my dear. I wish you could have heard him rhyming off that poetry last night. It doesn't seem to matter much what piece he recites first thing that comes into his head, I reckon. I remember one time he went clean through that hymn beginning, 'Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound,' and two years ago it was 'To Mary in Heaven,' as lackadaisical as you please. I never had such a time to keep from laughing, but I managed it, for I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world. No, I haven't any intention of marrying anybody, but if I had it wouldn't be dear old sentimental, easy-going David."

Mrs. Tom thumped a plucked goose down on the bench with an expression that said she, for one, wasn't going to waste any more words on an idiot. Easy-going, indeed! Did Josephine consider that a drawback? Mrs. Tom sighed. If Josephine, she thought, had put up with Tom Sentner's tempers for fifteen years, she would know how to appreciate a good natured man at his true value.

The cold snap which had set in on the evening of David's call lasted and deepened for a week. On Saturday evening, when Mrs. Tom came down for a jug of cream, the mercury of the little thermometer thumping against Josephine's porch was below zero. Everything outdoors was crackling and snapping. Inside, Josephine had kept roaring fires all through the house, but the kitchen was the only place that was really warm.

"Wrap your head up well, Ida," she said anxiously, when Mrs. Tom rose to go. "You've got a bad cold."

"There's a cold going," said Mrs. Tom. "Everyone has it. David Hartley was up to our place to-day, barking terrible—a real churchyard cough, as I told him. He never takes any care of himself. He said Zillah had a bad cold too. Won't she be cranky while it lasts?"

Josephine sat up late that night to keep the fires on. She finally went to bed in the little downstairs room, opposite the big hall stove, and she slept at once and dreamed that the thumps of the thermometer, flapping in the wind against the wall outside grew louder and more insistent until they woke her up. Someone was pounding on the porch door.

Josephine sprang out of bed and hurried on her wrapper and felt shoes. She had no doubt that some of the Sentners were sick. They had a habit of getting sick about that time of night. She hastened out and opened the door, expecting to see hulking Tom Sentner, or perhaps Ida herself, big-eyed and hysterical.

But David Hartley stood there, panting for breath. The clear moonlight showed that he had no overcoat on, and he was coughing hard. Josephine, before she spoke a word, clutched his arm, pulled him in out of the wind, and shut the door.

"For pity's sake, David Hartley, what's the matter?"

"Zillah's awful sick," he gasped, "I came here 'cause 'twas nearest. Oh, won't you come over, Josephine? I've got to go for the doctor, and I can't leave her alone. She's suffering dreadful. I know you and her ain't on good terms, but you'll come, won't you?"

"Of course I will," said Josephine, sharply. "I'm not a barbarian, I hope, to refuse to go and help a sick person, if 'twas my worst enemy. I'll go and get ready, and you go straight to the hall stove and warm yourself. There's a good fire in it yet. What on earth do you mean, starting out on a bitter night like this without an overcoat or even mittens, and you with a cold like that?"

"I never thought of them, I was so frightened," said David, apologetically. "I just lit up a fire in the kitchen stove as soon as I could and run. It just rattled me to hear Zillah moaning and breathing so's you could hear her all over the house."

"You need someone to look after you as bad as Zillah does," said Josephine, severely. In a very few minutes she was ready and had a basket packed full of homely remedies,—"for like as not there'll be no putting hand on anything there," she muttered. She insisted on wrapping her big plaid shawl around David's head and neck, and made him put on a pair of mittens she had knitted for Jack Sentner. Then she locked the door and they started across the fields. It was slippery, and Josephine had to cling to David's arm to keep her feet.

In a few minutes they passed under the bare, glittering boughs of the poplars on David's lawn, and for the first time Josephine crossed the threshold of David Hartley's house. Years ago, in her girlhood, when the Hartley's lived in the old house and there were a half dozen girls at home, Josephine had frequently visited there. All the Hartley girls liked her except Zillah. She and Zillah never got on well together. Afterwards, when the other girls had married and gone, Josephine gave up visiting there. She had never been inside the new house, and she and Zillah had barely spoken to each other for years.

Zillah was a sick woman—too sick to be anything but civil to Josephine. David started at once for the doctor, and Josephine saw that he was well wrapped up before she let him go. Then she prepared a mustard plaster for Zillah and sat down by her bed to wait.

When Mrs. Tom Sentner came down next day she found Josephine busy making flaxseed poultices, with her lips set in a way that betokened she had made up her mind to some disagreeable course of duty.

"Zillah has got pneumonia," she said. "The doctor is here and Mary Forrest from the corner. She'll wait on Zillah, but there'll have to be another woman here to see to the work. I reckon I'll stay. I suppose it's my duty, for I don't know who else could be got. Tom can send Mamie and Jack down to stay at my house until I get back. I'll run over every day and keep an eye on things."

At the end of a week Zillah was out of danger. Saturday afternoon Josephine went over home to see how Jack and Mamie Sentner were getting on. She found Mrs. Tom there also.

"I've had an awful week of it," said Josephine, solemnly, as she sat down by the stove and put her toes up on the hearth.

"I suppose Zillah is pretty cranky to wait on," said Mrs. Tom sympathetically.

"Oh, it isn't Zillah. Mary Forrest looks after her—and, anyway, she's a lot more reasonable than you'd expect. She's been too real sick to be very cantankerous. No, it's the house. I never lived in such a place of dust and disorder in my born days. I'm sorrier for David Hartley than I ever was for anyone before."

"I suppose he's used to it," said Mrs. Tom philosophically.

"I don't see how anyone could ever get used to it," groaned Josephine. "And David used to be so particular when he was a boy. The minute I went in there the other night I took that kitchen in with a look. I don't believe the paint has ever been washed since the house was built—I honestly don't. And I wouldn't like to be called upon to swear when the floor was scrubbed either. The corners were just full of dust—you could have shovelled it out. I swept it out next day and I thought I'd be chocked. As for the pantry—well, the less said about *that* the better. And it's the same all through the house. You could write your name on everything. I couldn't so much as clean up. Zillah was so sick there couldn't be a bit of noise made. I did manage to sweep and dust, and I cleaned out that pantry. And of course I saw that the meals were nice and well cooked. You should have seen David's face! He looked as if he couldn't get used to having things clean and tasty. I darned all his socks—he hadn't a whole pair to his name—and I've done everything I could to give him a little comfort. Not that I could do much. If Zillah heard me moving round she'd send Mary out to see what the matter was. When I wanted to go upstairs I'd have to take off my shoes and tip-toe up on my stocking feet so's she wouldn't know it. And I'll have to stay there another fortnight yet. Zillah won't be able to sit up till then. I really don't know if I can stand it without falling to and scrubbing the house from garret to cellar in spite of her."

Mrs. Tom did not say much to Josephine. To herself she said, complacently,

"She's sorry for David! Well, I've always heard that pity was akin to love. We'll see what comes of this."

Josephine did manage to live through that fortnight. But it was with a decided sense of relief that she remarked to David one morning at the breakfast table,

"Well, I think that Mary Forrest will be

able to attend to things after, to-day, David. I guess I'll go home to-day, Zillah is able to sit up and I'm not needed any longer."

David's face clouded over.

"Well, I s'pose we oughtn't to keep you any longer, Josephine. I'm sure it's been good of you to stay this long. I don't know what we'd have done without you."

"You're welcome," said Josephine, shortly

"Don't go for to walk home," said David. "The snow in the field is too deep. I'll drive you over when you want to go."

"I'll not go before the evening," said Josephine, slowly.

David went out to his work gloomily. For three weeks he had been living in comfort. His wants had been carefully attended to; his meals had been well cooked and well served; everything had been bright and clean. And, more than all, Josephine had been there, with her cheerful smiles and companionable ways. Well, it was ended now.

Josephine sat at the breakfast table long after David had gone out. She scowled at the sugar bowl and shook her head savagely at the tea-pot.

"I'll have to do it, I suppose," she said at last. "I'm so sorry for him I can't do anything else."

She got up and went to the window, looking across the snowy field to her own home, nestled between the grove of firs and the orchard.

"It's awful snug and comfortable," she said, regretfully, "and I've always felt set on being free and independent. But it's no use. I'd never have a minute's peace of mind again for thinking of David living here in this dirt and disorder, and him so tidy and particular by nature. No, it's my duty plain and clear, to come here and make things decent for him—the pointing of Providence, as you might say. The worst of it is, I'll have to tell him so on my own hook. He'll never dare to mention the subject again after what I said that night he proposed last. I wish I hadn't been so dreadful emphatic. Now I've got to say it myself if it's ever to be said. But I'll not begin by quoting poetry, that's one thing sure."

Josephine threw back her head, crowned by its shining braids of jet black hair, and laughed heartily. She bustled back to the stove and poked up the fire.

"I'll have a bit of corned beef and cabbage for dinner," she said, "and I'll make David that pudding he's so fond of. After all it's kind of nice to have some one else to think of and plan for. It always did seem like a waste of energy to fuss over cooking things when there was nobody but myself to eat them."

Josephine sang over her work all day, and David went about his work with the face of a man who is going to the gallows without benefit of clergy. When he came into supper at sunset his expression was so woe-begone that Josephine had to dodge in into the pantry to keep from laughing outright. She relieved her feelings by pounding on the dresser with the potato masher and then went primly out and took her place at the table. The meal was not a success from a social point of view. Josephine was nervous and David was glum. At the close, David said reluctantly.

"If you want to go home now, Josephine, I'll hitch up Red Rob and drive you over."

Josephine began to pleat the table cloth. She wished she had not been so emphatic on the occasion of his last proposal. Without replying to David's question she said crossly—Josephine always spoke crossly when she was specially in earnest:—

"I want to tell you what I think about Zillah. She's getting better, but she's had a terrible shaking up, and it's my opinion she won't be good for much all winter. She won't be able to do any hard work, that's certain. If you want my advice, I tell you fair and square that I think she'd better go off for a little visit as soon as she's fit. Clementine wants her to go and stay a spell with her in town. 'Twould be just the thing for her."

"She can go, if she wants to, of course," said David, dully, "I can get along by myself for a spell."

"There's no need of your getting along by yourself," said Josephine more crossly than ever. "I'll—I'll come and keep house for you if you like."

David looked at her uncomprehendingly.

"Wouldn't people kind of gossip?" he asked hesitatingly "Not—but—what—"

"I don't see what they'd have to gossip about," broke in Josephine, "if we were—married."

David sprang to his feet with such haste that he almost upset the table.

"Josephine, do you mean that?" he exclaimed.

Josephine rose, too.

"Of course I mean it," she said, in a perfectly savage tone. "Now, for pity's sake, don't say another word about it just now. I can't discuss it for a spell. Go out to your work. I want to be alone for awhile."

For the first and last time David disobeyed her. Instead of going out, he strode around the table, caught Josephine masterfully in his arms, and kissed her. And Josephine, after a second's hesitation, kissed him in return.

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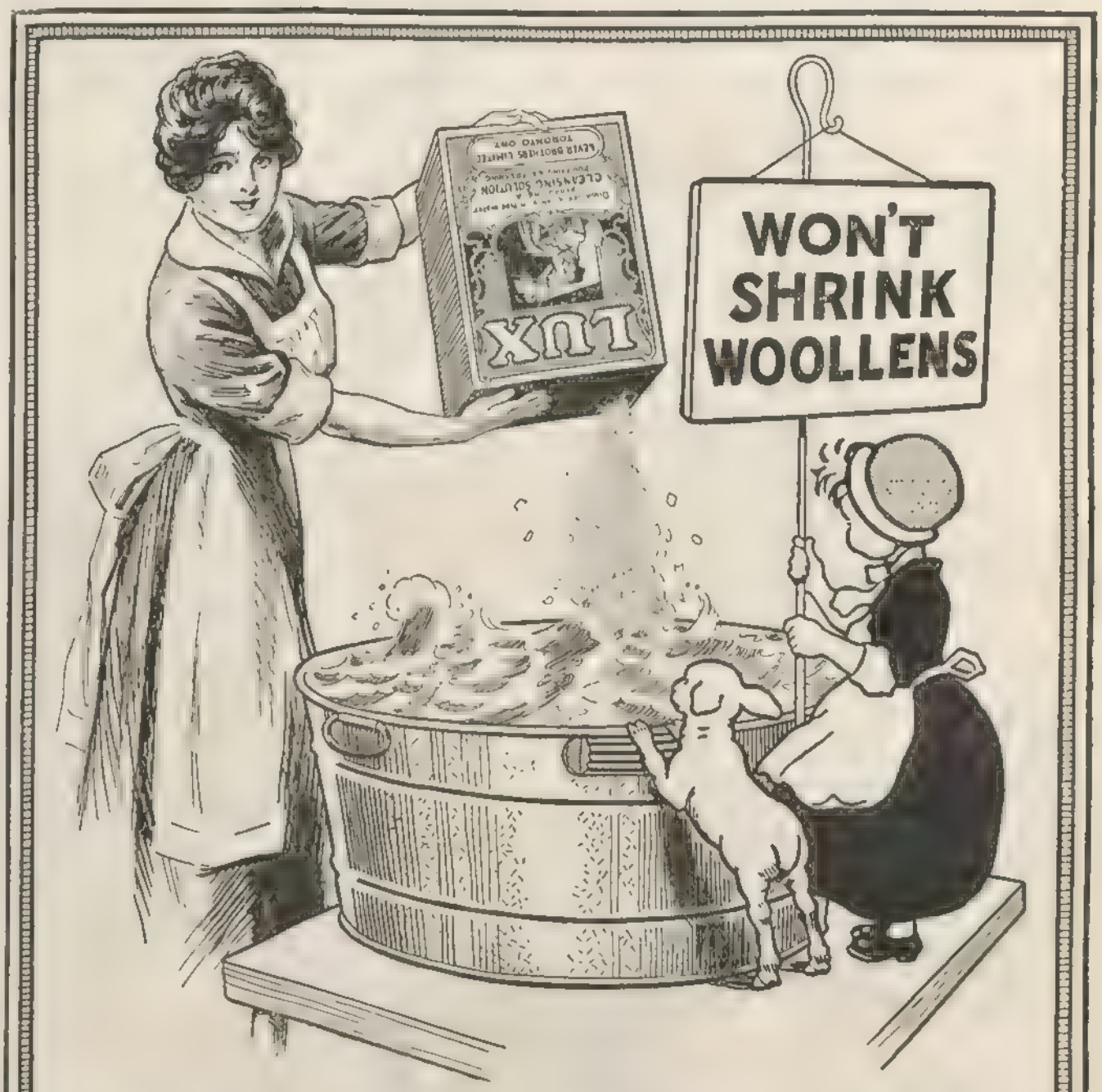

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Sweethearts and Wives

(Continued from Page 12)

Willis sighed heavily—then as he felt the convulsion which took place in his face, the shaking of the curls on his head, the cracking of the steel girder around his waist regretted his outburst, and resignedly allowed the maid who came forward with a gorgeous cloak to lay it over his shoulders. She opened the door, and Willis walking gingerly, and with extreme caution, emerged on to the landing and began to descend the stairs.

His foot touched the final step—the light from the hall suddenly flared up into his eyes, instinctively he raised his hand to shade them. When he lowered it the scene had changed again.

He was in a room furnished after a peculiar style affected in lodging houses of the genteel order—the room was small and the furniture was large. There were many chairs heavily upholstered in red and blue plush—there was an uncompromising sofa of the same order. An enormous sideboard occupied one side of the apartment, facing it in the window a very small and shaky bamboo table supported a large green pot in which grew a weary and dilapidated palm.

A clock on the mantelpiece ticked out the minutes with aggressive vigour. Willis found himself mechanically counting them. Out in the street the wind was blowing tempestously, the rain was falling. Every time a gust of wind shook the windows or a fresh downpour of rain raced down the panes, Willis shivered.

He was filled with a gnawing, restless suspense such as he never remembered experiencing in his real life, though it seemed to be the normal condition of his new and dual existence.

Peering through the blind into the darkness as the minutes slipped past, the vague fears which tormented him began to take definite shape. Pictures formed in his mind, terrible pictures of death and disaster.

He saw a sea running high, the night was dark and black clouds swept across the inky sky. On the foam-crested waves a tiny steamer rose and fell, every moment seeming to be its last. A wave higher than the rest—the boat poised for an instant on the top of it. Then it was gone into the gulf below. Willis shivered again and agony possessed his soul.

Again he saw a lighted street, electric cars, carriages, carts and cabs in all directions. A motor swept round a corner—a crash—a cry. He saw the gathering crowd, the still figure on the pavement, the doctor bending over it!

A door slammed down below and a stick rattled into the stand. Feet, quick and vigorous came up the stairs. Pictures, newsboy, accidents, wrecks all disappeared from his mind and beatitude took their place.

The door opened to admit a young man. A very ordinary young man it seemed to Willis—quite a common place person. And yet he was conscious that he was supremely, completely and absolutely happy, that the room was no longer dingy or ugly, and that all was peace.

Ah, that was it—it must be love. That sort of love he had read about, of which he supposed Dorothy dreamed of and believed in. All the time he was cogitating thus he was nestling against the new comer, kissing the cold, brown cheek, whispering words of endearment into his ear, hardly hearing the explanations about the boat being late, the friend's motor that had never turned up after all, the thousand little things that had combined to keep the husband of three months' standing away from his anxious little wife.

It all seemed supremely foolish to Willis, and he felt annoyed with himself for being led into such a thing, yet felt, too, that it was not unpleasant. In fact, it was very pleasant indeed, even if it were silly.

He heard himself say something about dinner—about hurrying the landlady. Tearing himself reluctantly from resisting arms, he opened the door and stepped out.

Instead of arriving on a landing at the top of a flight of stairs, however, Willis found himself in a large and very untidy room. The room was shabby, the carpet worn, the furniture ribbed and scratched.

Willis himself was very tired, so tired that he could hardly stand or see—so absolutely weary in body and mind that the world seemed a matter of supreme indifference. He had never dreamed it possible that any human being could be so tired and yet remain alive.

The low chair in which he was sitting was drawn close to the fire, and on his lap lay a white bundle, which he knew to be a baby, asleep for the moment.

A sensation of the most acute despair overcame him as he held a little shirt up to the light. It was riddled with holes, patched and darned almost out of recognition, and yet it must be patched and darned again, for he knew there was no money for the purchase of a new one.

A piercing shriek from overhead brought him to his feet. Clutching the startled baby and dropping the needle and the shirt, he rushed out of the room and flew up the stairs, the baby screaming in his arms.

"Roddy—Nelly—what is the matter? Mary, Mary, where are you?" he heard himself crying as he sped along, but no one answered, and the shrieks continued unabated. Breathless he burst into the room.

Two children, a boy of five, a girl of three, were alone in the room, and the girl, whose face was streaked with dust and tears, wept lustily while her brother in the window seat played unconcernedly with his toys. There was no sign of blood, of punctured eyesight, of broken limbs as Willis had pictured to himself as he raced upstairs.

"Roddy's taken away my doll, and I want it—I want it. Boo-oo-ooooooooooo.'

Willis sank into the nearest chair, panting for breath. Drawing the screaming child to him, he alternately soothed her, rocked the baby, and scolded the elder one.

In the midst of the din a sulky-faced girl, carrying a scuttle of coals, appeared in the doorway. Willis fell upon her wrathfully.

"Mary, how can you go away and leave the children alone like this—how often have I told you that they are not to be left?"

The girl tossed her head and set down the scuttle with a bang.

"I can't stay here for ever," she retorted pertly. "And Roddy's that naughty I can't do nothing with him." She cast a baleful glance at the non-repentant culprit in the window seat

Willis put the baby into its cot and went drearily out of the room. The maid followed him.

"Oh, if you please," she began; "the butcher have sent to say that he won't let you have no more meat until his bill is paid, and there is no butter and no potatoes, and it's early closing, and please I can't get the kitchen stove to burn, the coal's nothing but dust, and the oven don't get hot, and I am afraid the milk's gone sour and there's none for the children's tea, and if you please we're out of jam and sugar, and what shall I get for supper?"

The catalogue of woes poured on unrestrained. Willis felt a mad desire to put his hands over his ears, to cover his eyes and blind and deafen himself to the unanswerable questions which he knew he had been endeavoring to answer unsuccessfully for interminable years.

Day in, day out, year after year, the same dreary, hopeless round, the same battle to make ends meet, the same refusal on their part to do so. The same recriminations from the same dissatisfied tradesmen, the same cheap and incompetent servants.

He heard himself returning some response to the maid, he did not know what he said, but it was sufficient to send her back to the kitchen, and her grumbling ceased. Willis went back to the sitting-room, where the pile of mending awaited him. Dropping into his chair, he drew close to the fire, giving himself up to the hopeless weariness of life and all it contained—the room grew cold and Willis began to shiver in his misery—he shivered until the chair shook under him—until the whole room seemed to shiver in sympathy.

* * * *

Electric light flaring ghostly pale in the early dawn which crept through the windows, was the next thing of which he was fully conscious. He also knew that he was very cold—colder than he had ever been in his life.

Willis rose and stretched himself and yawned. The yawn and the stretch revealed to him that he was a free and unrestricted man again, the action sent the blood bounding afresh through his veins.

The ashes of last night's fire were grey and lifeless in the grate, the cigar which he had intended to smoke lay still beside his chair untouched. In the flare of the light he could see the dark patches where Dorothy's wet feet had rested the previous evening.

Dorothy!

Willis paused and reflected. When he had given the matter profound thought he wrote a letter to her and then went out and posted it.

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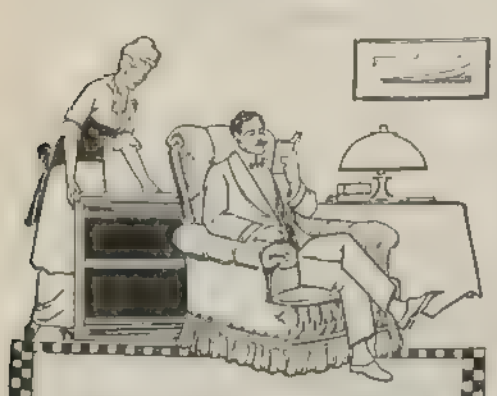

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LONDON, ONTARIO

Delia's Bachelors

(*Continued from page 8*)

in the same class room where Bob studied, play on the same field, lie in the same infirmary, perhaps; pray in the same Chapel. Only, Delia, dearest, how can I write it? I can't subject Robert to the same temptations which proved so strong for Bob—*I dare not*! Residence life is all right for some boys; even the wretched places which are called lodging houses (and which in many cases are managed by women who have no more thought for the boys under their roof than if they were so many dogs) may do some no harm. But neither will answer for me. I want Robert to live in a home, to feel the uplifting, inspiring influence of a good woman for we are most of us, thank heaven, more responsive to good than evil. Robert is an affectionate, impulsive, thoughtless boy who has already been taught to love the 'Aunt Delia' he hopes soon to see, and if you will only take him in I know that he will escape the pitfalls which yawned for Bob. He will revel in your sunshininess, your unquenchable brightness, but he needs your woman's tenderness as well,....."

She stopped abruptly, her eyes and voice full of tears. Muriel rushed impulsively to her and smothered her with hugging. The others followed suit. For a while it looked as though they were having a jolly little weeping party all to themselves.

"You're splendid," cried the girls, "perfectly splendid! We see it all! You're giving up all this, you're being *beautifully* forty, so that you can take this Robert boy into your house and be a—oh, Delia dearest, have you got to be a *mother* to him?"

Delia nodded, smiling through her tears.

"As soon as Amy's letter came, I took it to the dean," said she. "I opened my heart to him just as I have to you. Oh, how ashamed he made me feel by saying that he thought I was just the woman for the work! Then he set himself at getting me six more boys and a professor—a new man who is taking Dr. Jamieson's place. They come on Monday, upon which auspicious date the boarding house opens. You see, I haven't much time for the restoration of the ancestral——"

"We'll help!" cried all the girls, enthusiastically. "Come on, Delia, let's get to work right now!"

Thus it happened that old Sol peeping into the house one morning felt as though he had come into his own, again. Gone were the flimsy gimcracks which had destroyed the dignity and beauty of Chesleyvale, gone was the jarring effort at modernity which struck as alien a note as would a gas-stove in the home of an Arawak.

Instead, there was a welcome substantiality about the place. Its rooms and their furniture invited use and gave comfort and homey-ness in return. The older residents, away from whom Delia had wilfully drifted, learned of her venture and flocked to express their approbation. Whereas they had murmered—half enviously, half contemptuously, "Isn't she a wonder?" they now remarked that she was plucky. The words of praise had a sincere ring. The younger residents hardly gave her time to sleep so assiduous were they in their attention, and so bent on making her boarding house a success.

Then, of course there was the matter of her clothes.

"Not that I want to wear dull black and spectacles, a kerchief and cap," she admitted, "but I never expect to be seen again in that sort of trash."

She pointed scornfully at her 'girlish' wardrobe.

So the tailor, the dressmaker and the milliner had distinct shocks when Delia curtly refused garments because they made her look young. They gasped when she had gone and said,

"It's no use to try and put spring leaves on fall trees. Never looks right. But autumn leaves on autumn trees—is there anything that can beat it? Same with Miss Delia. I declare, you should have seen her in that violet hat she made as pretty a picture as I ever want to see."

A strange fact remained; Delia looked younger in her 'suitable' clothes than she had before. They threw her delicacy and prettiness into relief: her youthful modish garments had eclipsed them.

"You look just like your photograph," said Robert, holding her at arms length from his towering self, "only—only—"

"Older," she laughed, proudly.

"I wasn't going to say that," returned the boy, flushing as boys will in paying an honest compliment. "I was going to say that you have the look a fellow likes to see—isn't afraid of, you know—when he is in a scrape and needs help to get out of it."

She ran her fingers through his curly hair and pretended to pull it warning him that she would assume a very different look if he got into any scrapes. But it was glorious to be forty, to have a young man look at you with nothing but affection and to be able to pull his hair! She treated Robert with an intimacy which set him apart from the rest of the boys, she took him into her confidence much as she had done with the girls, and she urged him to lead the rest and be an example for them to follow.

"If you men do not respect me and my house," she said, "I will be a greater failure than I was before. Therefore, I ask you to be my friend. Help me to make this experiment a success. At the first sign of carousing, the townfolk will say, 'Well, what else did you expect of Delia?' Don't let them, Bobbie—*don't* let them!"

He didn't. The boys would no more have thought of behaving like Apaches in Chesleyvale than they would have thought of behaving like gentlemen in one of the lodging houses of which Amy had such a horror. And they were not unusual boys, either. It was Delia herself. All the thought and energy she had hitherto put into the drugging of that unloved parent, Time, she now put into the making of a Home for her bachelors. They were not often lured out in the evenings for Delia always had some of her girl friends at the house and the impromptu parties at Chesleyvale were far more enjoyable than the premeditated ones elsewhere. She was the gracious hostess, chaperoning them as forty should chaperone twenty and she was more truly one of them now, than in the other days when such a condition was practically her only object in life.

The boys loved her to distraction; they bullied her and teased her and showed her their honest young affection in all of the violent ways known to College men, and they were furiously jealous of one another.

As they were jealous as of one another, so was Professor Ellery jealous of them, and of their riotous spirits and their frank affection for Delia. With total inconsideration, he thought, they made constant demands upon Delia. These demands, had they been analyzed, showed that she had too little time left to devote to him. She merely kept his clothes in order, his books dusted, and provided his favorite food at least twice a day.

He often felt a keen resentment against her; she was absurdly young. He was fifty-two.

"You will probably always be young," he grumbled musingly one night when, as it happened, all the bachelors were absent at a gym. contest.

"Heaven forbid," she cried, "Don't cheat me of the blissful serenity which comes with age. I am positively looking forward to it!"

She drew a small smoking stand toward him, and put the ash tray near. (But this attention was no more than she would have paid the boys, he remarked.)

"Age is not synonymous with serenity," he said. "Age is bad enough, but youth is worse. I don't like young people. They are cruel, all of them—they hurt me."

Delia looked at him with her new-found tenderness

"You mistake them, I am sure," she said. "Youth may ridicule age—I did, myself, a few months ago, but it does not mean to be cruel. One does not expect a yearling to bear fruit; one must not expect youth to behave like anything else. Look at those dear boys of mine—"

"Senseless nincompoops," he muttered into the stem of his pipe. But when Delia asked him to repeat the remark, he made some excuse and changed the subject. Entirely unconvinced, however; it was too evident that she admired and preferred youth to age.

At Easter, he sent her a modest bunch of violets, whereat Robert went into a paroxysm of rage.

"Such impertinence, the old fossil!" he stormed. "He is encroaching on our rights. You are not his adopted Aunt. If I told the boys, they would take him out in the grounds and give him fifty lashes. I won't have him thrusting his imbecile attentions on you! He shan't annoy my own old Auntie!"

To equalize matters, *the boys presented her with a half cart-load of glorious lilies.* They dwarfed the disgruntled professor's gift and seemed to mock it. He forgot to note that Delia wore his violets and decorated with the lilies, so he nursed

(*Continued on page 35*)

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"Now, if ever I feel a little run-down—and my work as a nurse is sometimes very trying—I take just a dose or two of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and they never fail to set me up again. They are just splendid."

Nurse Dowdeswell

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and they are specially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching womanhood. All druggists and storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

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"I first used Veno's Lightning Cough Cure for my eldest boy, now fifteen. He had caught a cold which rapidly developed into bronchitis and croupy cough. He became very ill indeed, and though we had the best advice for him he did not improve. But when we tried Veno's Lightning Cough Cure the improvement was wonderful. In quite a short time he was completely cured. My other children, too, have suffered in the same way; and before I knew of Veno's I was in constant dread of something serious happening. It is very different now. Whenever any of my children begin to cough, I just give them a dose of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure and they are soon well.

"And they all like Veno's. If one of them has to have it the others want it too, whether they have a cough or not. I do think Veno's is a splendid household medicine for old or young. No mother should be without it. I tell everybody I know about Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and shall always do so."

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Delia's Bachelors

(*Continued from page 33*)

his elderly resentment gainst the boys still harder.

Let it be not understood, however, that this bitter rivalry in any way marred the tumultuous happiness at Chesleyvale. On the contrary! It made a queen of Delia and courtiers of the men; it filled her life—and theirs—with beauty and chivalry and love in its broadest sense. There was no happier home it. Christendom

Then suddenly June flung her starry nights and perfumed days across the campus. Buds opened, birds chirruped, lads and lasses hummed beneath their breath, and all the world was athrill.

All except Delia.

The day came when seniors tucked a roll of parchment under their arms and strolled home nonchalantly to pack. They would have one believe that it was no trouble to have earned the precious roll Any fool could do it! Juniors switched their tassels to the other side and spoke of their 'last year.' Sophs. and Freshmen assumed the gait, which if not actually a swagger, was just the next best thing, and College closed its doors with a bang.

Delia helped her bachelors pack, tucking in many a tear when they were not looking; she trotted up and down stairs endless times a day collecting their belongings and distributing them. She stuffed loving silly little gifts in unexpected places, and after they had gone, she found just as loving and just as silly ones, left for her by them.

Ellery watched her motherly fussing over them with terrible bitterness in his heart. She evidently did not care a button what became of *his* favorite pipe, his clipping book or his tobacco pouch; she did not make a dozen trips from *his* room to the library or suggest his leaving things behind, against his return in the autumn

He nerved himself to the point of hinting that she take him back, but so delicately was the suggestion couched that Delia missed it entirely, thereby adding to the poor distracted man's humiliation and resentment. He called himself an old fool. Obviously, she looked upon him as pre-historic.

By noon of a gloomy Wednesday four of them had gone. The grand old oak fairly quivered with the violence of the yell they gave for their Aunt Delia, to say nothing of a Jungleful of tigers. By dinner time none of the bachelors remained except Robert and the professor. Then Bob, too, swung down the flower bordered driveway and called his sentiments, (expressed in the latest college phraseology), from the gate.

She forced back the scorching tears and turned to Ellery whose train did not go for another hour.

"I can't help being silly," she said, realizing that though one does acknowledge to forty, one's appearance is not improved with a red nose, swollen eyes and sniffles. "I feel so terribly lonely without them. Never, before, did I know what the breaking up of a family meant. Oh the poor, poor mothers!"

He muttered things which were supposed to be sympathetic and then talked about the most trivial matters. She asked him if he had remembered everything. He hoped so. She suggested sending on any trifles he might have left. He thanked her. Silence, an uncomfortable silence, fell between the two.

Presently, she looked at the clock and he looked at his watch.

"You haven't much time," she ventured.

He agreed. They rose and shook hands stiffly.

"You will miss your train," she said, briskly, he thought.

"Quite right. I must hurry. Good night—and good bye."

He, too, strode out into the heavy-scented night, and left her pitifully alone.

So utterly miserable that she could be brave no longer, Delia rushed into the house, upstairs, and on the impulse of a mad moment into the room which had been Ellery's, to cry. Her heart ached to bursting, and now that there was no one to see, she threw aside all regard for her appearance. She was hideously alone; even Tilly had gone home for the night.

How long she sat there in the dark, racked by great shaking sobs, she did not know. In memory she rehearsed every day from the time of the boys coming as minutely as possible; she even remembered thinking of the lock on Mr. Ellery's door which needed repairing—it had developed a disinclination to move which is common to the best and worst of locks—when she became conscious of a step on the stair.

Too paralyzed to move or scream, she crouched beside the table and held her breath, while the intruder came straight toward the room. He came inside, closed the door, and flooded the room with light. It was Alfred G. Ellery.

"Why, what are you doing here?" she asked feebly.

"Missed my train by a fraction, and came back to see if you would extend me your hospitality for another day—unless you would prefer my going to a hotel," he added.

His words were formal, but his tone was warm and glad.

But Delia's cheeks flamed and she rose.

"I hardly know what to say," she stammered. "It seems so frightfully silly, doesn't it?—and yet—yet—even Tilly has gone home."

"Of course," he said, "in that case—naturally—"

He grasped at the knob and turned it sharply. But the door refused to open. He shook it gently, violently, desperately. He was afraid to look at Delia.

"Unusually stubborn," he muttered. "No doubt but that it will give in time."

"Oh, of course," she returned in a tone which sought to give conviction to herself "Let me try it."

Her efforts were so far successful in that she pulled the knob entirely off. Its other half dropped with a tremendous thud to the floor outside.

Her pathetic endeavor not to lose her head, to treat the affair with coolness, touched Ellery more than hysterics would have done. With sudden insight he looked at her brimming eyes and sopping handkerchief and an almost uncomfortable longing to take her in his arms and comfort her possessed him. But where jealousy of the boys held him dumb before, a sense of chivalry prevented his speaking at the moment. He did not want to force his attentions upon her when she was helpless to escape them. It was impossible for him to break the door; they made real doors in Judge Chesley's day. There was no clinging vine by which he could make a spectacular descent, no leafy branch to which he could drop and so, reach the ground. There was no rain spout. In books, he told her, there is *always* a rain spout. Even knotting the bed-clothes together would not send him half to the ground. There was but one way—to leap from the third story window, and he was prepared to do that rather than cause her any embarrassment or unhappiness.

"Nonsense," she said, in the tone of affectionate scolding she often used toward the boys. "There *must* be a way! My head seems to be bad—I can't think—But certainly, Mister Ellery, there *must* be a way"

Then silence was broken by a step across the street. Like a flash Delia was at the window straining her eyes to pierce the star flecked night, outside.

"Is that you, Muriel?" she hissed. "Yes, it's I—Delia. Come closer . . . I don't want to rouse the whole street—I'm marooned in Mister Ellery's room, and I want you to phone old Watkins to come and unlock the door. Do hurry!"

"Marooned in Mr. Ellery's room?" repeated the puzzled girl. "How on earth . . . . Well, what does it matter? No use to get the poor old fellow up at this time of night. You just tumble into bed up there, and I'll bring him over the first thing in the morning."

Preferring death rather than this alternative, there was nothing to it but for Delia to explain that Mr. Ellery was marooned there, too. With a little more discussion Muriel disappeared into the house, and shortly after led old Watkins up to the refractory door. What had transpired in the meantime is neither your business or mine. But when at last they were released Delia and Ellery were sitting comfortably hand in hand, an admirable illustration of that fine old adage which informs us that love laughs at locksmiths.

The smallest bit of coaxing persuaded Muriel to stay all night, and the three sat down to supper in the gayest spirits. So often did Muriel look askance at Delia, that the latter bursting into happy laughter, finally said,

"She has already guessed it, Alfred—the minx—you might as well tell her."

He did, with two inches added height and heaven known how many, chest expansion. There were congratulations all around.

"But the poor bachelors," sighed Muriel, thinking particularly of one of them! "What a disappointment for them to have lost their lovely college home."

"The idea!" protested Ellery "As if either Delia or I want to turn them out, eh, my dear? There will be as much room for them here as ever, and they will be quite as welcome. Huh, turning out

(*Concluded on page 36*)

E D S

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those fine youngsters!—I should say not!"

"Oh, you lovely ideal people," cried Muriel. "It's the most perfect thing I ever knew! I'm jealous—I wish I were old enough to have bachelors!"

"Don't be ridiculous," admonished Delia. "Don't you wait until you are nearly forty-one—" she broke off and gave a little cry—"until you suffer the humiliation of having to be chaperoned by your own god-daughter!"

DRESS GOODS FROM CANADA

(*Continued from page 6*)

embroidery factory, where they showed me beautiful samples of embroidered voiles embroidered in the factory from designs made by their own designers—fascinating stuff. The retail price would be from about 50c. to $3.00; and there was a piece of Canadian voile, not as fine as some of the imported voiles, but still a texture of a Canadian mill. It would retail plain at about 20c.

And there you are.

The cotton is imported; we can't grow it. We can grow flax, although to be sure, we cannot get near a commercial proposition for linens in this connection yet, on account of lacking the chief hand labour of Germany and other European countries which is necessary to break the flax. Canada grows lots of flax and cuts it with a binder, but this pulls the fibre and this makes it unsatisfactory for fine linens. It will be a long day before we can get the fibre coming right from Canadian grown flax, on account of this labor question. What little is grown in Canada for linens is broken by the Indians.

The weaving is good; and you can get the finer weaves as soon as you ask for them. The bleaching is perfect. The designs, both native and foreign, are done by both native and foreign designers. An extension of the business means greater opportunity for Canadian designers. The inks and dyes are exactly the same as these used in England and Europe; the processes the best and most modern.

"We do everything just as they do it; but," a cotton man plaintively added, "we can't fill stuff as they can. See," he said, picking up a piece of 5c. cotton, "this is filled; anyone can see that. We can't fill stuff so it won't show."

"I hope you never learn," I said.

I have talked so much about the summer cottons and prints and linens that there's hardly space left to mention Canadian cloths. I want to tell you about the dye man, but first will you read the report of the shopping of a young woman who "out Canadians" even the most Canadian:

"When I set out I determined to buy Made in Canada goods. I first looked for an up-to-date serge skirt. I was shown a Canadian make and a skirt made in the United States. I purchased the one Made in Canada, because I found it to be far better serge, fitting just as well as the other, and much lower in price. The American goods claim to be up-to-date, but I found by experience that Canadian-made goods are just as stylish and of better material by far for the price.

"I found out that all woollen goods Made in Canada are cheaper and by far superior to foreign goods."

So they should be, although we must bear in mind that the cost of production is higher than in Europe and compared with United States, our market is smaller.

The Dye Man said:

"I'll tell you about two Canadian mills I've been through recently; they are as well equipped and as well managed as a woollen mill can be. They are turning out as good goods. They don't make the finest weaves, but the climate hasn't anything to do with that. It's the market. If you women will ask for fine weaves from Canada, you'll get them. It's up to you—Where do I come in? I'm dyeing. At present fine cloths are imported undyed, and dyed here, encouraged by a 30 per cent. duty on dyed cloth against 15 per cent. for the undyed cloth. We use exactly the same dyes, and the most modern processes. It's nonsense to say the water here is such that we can't dye properly. I can get water chemically pure for dyeing, made from Lake Ontario water. As for colors—"

I murmured something about vegetable dyes. "No, not vegetable dyes," he said. "You can't beat aniline dyes. We've got them right, now."

I've told you about the dyes at length, because the past objections to Canadian cloth were that the colors were not reliable. Judging by that dye man, they will be reliable now. As a matter of fact, in the out put of good mills in heavy cloth, they have been so for several years.

Then there are the sheep from which the wool may be obtained; and you may think what an extension of this industry will mean to the land.

One more point—and a vital one—at the corner of a white space that briefly and forcibly told why you and I should buy certain Canadian goods because of their qualities, not because of the "Canadian" was an advertisement which said "Wanted" by the same company, "steady men and women."

And there you are; it is worth while "taking it home to wash," isn't it?

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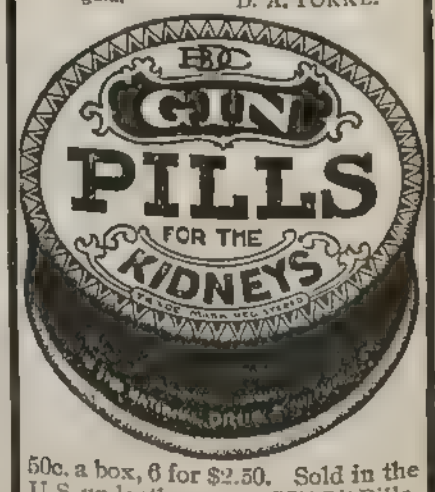

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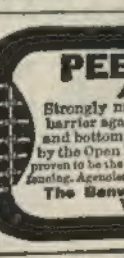

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Experience With a Mushroom Bed

By JOSEPHINE BURLEIGH

TO start mushroom beds without any previous knowledge of their special requirement and obtain successful results with the first venture is not impossible and fortune favors some beginners with adequate reward. However, it is because the conditions of growth have all been favorable, by happy accident or otherwise, that immediate success comes to the inexperienced grower of mushrooms.

The cellar where the writer's experiments with mushroom-growing were conducted was built specially for the purpose. It was constructed like a root-cellar against a side hill with a roof of its own. This, covered with heavy rubber paper on wooden planks was again protected by an overlay of a few inches of soil and turf. The walls were of stone (two sides), and were protected by earth banked to the roof, leaving only the door with the few steps descending from the ground really exposed to the weather. All the storms and high winds coming from the hilltop swept across the roof, and a large maple tree shaded it from the summer sun. The moist air of the interior promoted the growth of the mushrooms naturally, but a water-pipe leading from a spring was led into the cellar and furnished a further and convenient water supply, later found to be of great service.

During the mild weather of spring and autumn this cellar proved an ideal place for mushroom culture. In the heat of summer with the doors and window kept closed during the day and open for ventilation at night, the temperature was maintained at the degree of coolness of the night, whatever that happened to be. Except during the very warmest weather, this was usually about sixty degrees. In winter we were obliged to keep the temperature at the desired degree by the aid of oil heaters.

Mushroom growers lay great stress on the proper preparation of the compost. To get the best results, it is desirable that the manure be as fresh as possible, not over six months old, kept under cover from the rain if possible, and mixed with straw. When brought from the stable it must be thoroughly and evenly wet down with a hose, allowed to stand until fermented by the heat that immediately ensues and then turned to be wet down again if necessary before use in the beds.

This spawn is usually obtained from dealers, or, better still, may be had directly from those who make it and give one a guarantee of its freshness. Broken up into small cubes about two or three inches in bulk, this is planted in the beds when the temperature is right for receiving it. About seventy-five degrees is generally considered the best. These plantings were made at a distance of nine inches apart each way. Two weeks after the planting the beds were covered with light loam to the depth of one and one-half inches. This was first screened and moistened as it would take too much moisture from the bed if put on dry. While the mushrooms obtain their nourishment from the compost beneath, it is desirable to have the soil on top to afford a firm foothold for the roots and also to maintain the natural warmth of the manure in the bed.

But this is anticipating. Our mushroom beds (with oil stoves burning to keep the temperature of the cellar up to from fifty to sixty degrees during cold winter weather) soon required watering to keep the top soil moist all the time, and in spite of the utmost care in using the finest possible spray from the hose, more water than we realized soaked down into the compost and nearly ruined the beds. Some of the spawn died. A little of it spread and we gathered in the course of time some very large and handsome mushrooms in spite of sawdust, cold cellar and too much watering of the beds.

When these cold beds were taken out the compost furnished splendid soil for the garden, being just in proper condition then for the plants to feed upon. Mushrooms take nothing from the manure that plants need. When fresh beds were made up in the mushroom cellar, quite different conditions prevailed from those of the winter. It was really summer then. The manure obtained this time was from stables where straw was used for bedding horses. The process of wetting it down was carefully managed. A second turning after it had stood for ten days to heat up was looked after and the heap was tested with a long, pointed brass thermometer, to note the state of the interior. It was necessary to open places for the air to circulate to prevent burning. By the time this was put into the cellar and evenly spread to the depth of nine inches, the air being about sixty degrees, it soon began to heat up again to ninety degrees. Then, when the temperature of the mass had fallen to eighty degrees with the compost quite moist, planting was again undertaken with fresh hopes for a greater success.

The heat of summer now made it necessary to keep the cellar closed during the day and open at night for ventilation. The beds were often tested with the thermometer for their heat which slowly dropped to sixty degrees. The day air of summer during a long "dry spell" of weather made some moistening of the soil occasionally necessary and when, after two months from the time of planting the spawn, the beds began to blossom with mushrooms, big and little, in clumps of a dozen to fifty, it was a very pretty sight. The enduring patience of the owner at last had its reward!

These beds had been made of various sizes, some above the lower ones, so that all the space of the cellar could be utilized in their planting. The upper tier was made of planks supported on timbers four feet above the lower beds. A floor of heavy planks was also laid with sufficient space below for any water to find its way out that might trickle down from the rocks of the upper sides of the cellar. A drain pipe led this off so that during the wet season no water should get to the beds from below.

Mushrooms must be picked as soon as they reach full size and just before the frill breaks away from the stem. They gain no more in weight if left longer, but exhaust the bed too soon like a plant whose blossoms go to seed. They may be laid back on the bed after picking, where in the same moist air in which they have grown they will continue to open. The earth clinging to their roots keeps them fresh for some time

After gathering all the mushrooms they are taken out into the light on a tray, where the dirt is carefully scraped from the stem, the tops dusted off with a camel's hair brush and after drying off a bit are ready for packing in boxes or baskets.

In cool weather mushrooms will keep in good condition for ten days, but in hot weather they must be kept in the ice-box until eaten. Particularly in August will the maggots develop in the lower part of the stem and work up into the top unless every precaution is taken to destroy the small fly whose larvæ breed in the mushroom bed during warm weather. We found the burning of tobacco stems with the place shut tight for some hours afterwards would kill the fly and the use of non-poisonous insecticide sprayed over the bed would help to keep the pest down. This also had to be used after old beds were taken out on the floor and sides of the beds before new ones were made up. Covering the beds with autumn leaves or straw when the weather is very cold helps to keep the beds warm and also to keep the moisture from drying out. Occasionally spraying the bed with warm water containing saltpeter in solution we found increased the productiveness and size of the mushrooms.

Keeping the temperature as nearly as possible at one point also helps their growth, as mushrooms like best the temperature between fifty and sixty degrees.

A product always more or less present in compost heaps of manure must not be mistaken for the edible mushroom. Often appearing before the bed is planted and sometimes after it has been covered with loam these poisonous growths appear with long, thin stems, and small tops, quickly turning black and falling over they disappear and cannot be mistaken for mushrooms by any one familiar with them.

A small fungi about as large as matches also sometimes appear in spots, but these, like a yellowish mold coming on the top of the loam, soon disappear and cause no damage. If the soil with which the bed has been covered has been taken from a wet, boggy place, swamp mushrooms are likely to appear.

For the encouragement of those who aim to grow mushrooms to sell, we have been told that a certain woman gardener undertook their cultivation at her country place and realized enough from their sale to buy an automobile. We have not attained to that felicity as yet; but hope in time to provide ourselves with a pony cart to take the produce of our mushroom beds to the railway station.

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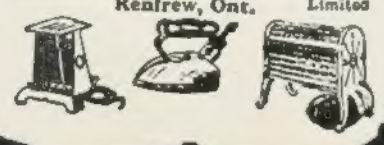

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Wet a piece of cheese cloth in water, wring it almost dry; then pour on as much O-Cedar Polish as the cloth contains water. Go over the surface to be cleaned, and Polish with a dry cloth. You will have a high, hard, dry lustre.

Get a 25c bottle of O-Cedar Polish, try it this way and if you are not delighted with the result, your dealer will refund your money.

O-Cedar Polish used the O-Cedar Polish way, mixes freely with water. It is more economical because you use half O-Cedar and half water.

For sale at all dealers, 25c to $3.00 sizes.

Channell Chemical Co.

LIMITED

369 Sorauren Ave. TORONTO, ONT.

The Round Standard Mop

$1.00 and $1.50

Two Styles

Your perfect satisfaction guaranteed with either. Each has a host of friends.

The New Triangle Mop

75c and $1.25